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STRIKE THREATS: EDEN INTERVENES

COMMENT OF THE DAY

The New Envoy

THE appointment of Mr Con O'Neill as Charge d'Affaires in Peking has apparently caused surprise in some quarters and misgivings in others ostensibly on the grounds that he has never served in the Far East before. That, of course, is true, but it is no reason for automatic disqualification of the candidate proposed for the post. A Foreign Office diplomat is trained for duty in any part of the world, although he may specialise in some particular country or area later in his career.

Suggestions that Mr O'Neill is not properly fitted for his appointed task, however, are captious; they are even obnoxious and they reveal an obvious ignorance of the diplomat's task in a foreign capital and particularly the scope available to an Ambassador or Charge and his staff in Peking. In no sense can this be regarded as defence of a Foreign Office appointment merely for the sake of "they must know best." It is based on an essentially fair and realistic assessment of the man and the situation involved, within the bounds of available knowledge.

IN such an important capacity as Head of the Foreign Office News Department, Mr O'Neill has had an ideal opportunity in the last year to familiarise himself with the position in China. He has undoubtedly had access to all diplomatic cables from Mr Trevelyan and is probably as well suited for the job as any other diplomat in the Foreign Office. In the Peking Embassy, also, he will find a staff of expert observers ready to assist him in any undertaking and completely familiar with the routines that are peculiar to that capital and country.

Mr O'Neill, it may be safely assumed, as a senior Foreign Office official, a diplomat of courage and conviction, a "brilliant spokesman" for the Department on all subjects (as he is described), a first class History honours graduate of Oxford, a distinguished don of All Souls College, and a former Times leader writer, goes to China well prepared for his mission. Sir Anthony Eden found him to be the right man to include in the delegation to Geneva last year and to Bangkok for the SEATO talks this year. And he should perform his duties in Peking with equal distinction.

Election & Whitsun Holidays Endangered

STOPPAGES ENTAIL TRANSPORT CHAOS

London, May 20.

Sir Anthony Eden interrupted his general election campaigning tonight to meet trade union leaders and warn that national dock and rail strikes threatened for next week would bring hardship and widespread unemployment to the nation.

The Prime Minister summoned chiefs of the 8,000,000 strong Trades Union Congress to a 70-minute private meeting at 10 Downing Street.

He expressed the government's concern over the threatened election week strikes.

Unless there is a last minute postponement of the industrial stoppages, voting for a new House of Commons next Thursday will be sandwiched between the start of two strikes—by 15,000 dockers on Monday and 70,000 railwaymen on Saturday.

The rail strike threatens transport chaos at the start of the three-day Whitsuntide public holiday.

While the Prime Minister was conferring with the TUC leaders, Ministry of Labour officers were trying to find a peace formula in talks with leaders of the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers Union, who have called the strike.

The Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, later met the NASD chiefs but was unable to persuade them to call off the stoppage.

The NASD strike call is in support of its claim for representation at all British ports on local joint committees which negotiate wages and conditions.

At present the NASD is recognised as a negotiating body in London, but not in the other key ports of Liverpool, Manchester and Hull.

In these ports, employers recognise only the 1,300,000 strong Transport and General Workers Union.

It was disclosed tonight, however, that the employers had now notified the Ministry of Labour of their willingness to recognise the NASD in the other ports provided the TGWU agreed.

TUC ATTITUDE

The TUC leaders have condemned the strike and back the Transport and General Workers which represents nearly 80,000 other dock workers.

The dispute in the state-run railways is caused by the claims of skilled locomotive engineers and firemen for more pay to maintain the wage differential between themselves and lower grade workers.

Socialists are worried, particularly about the impact on public opinion of the dock strike, which would be the second within seven months by the same union.

Labour supporters fear the recurrence of the dock troubles will invite fresh public charges of irresponsibility against their Party's hard core, the trade union movement.

They also recognised the government stands to gain some kudos from the conciliation efforts of Sir Walter Monckton, which Socialists, as well as Conservatives, have described as "patient and moderate."

With only five clear days left for election campaigning, both Conservatives and Labour parties were stepping up their drives to ensure all known supporters are brought to the polls.

All public opinion "polls" now give the government party a three and a half per cent lead in popularity over its Labour rival. This has encouraged some belief that Sir Anthony Eden could gain a majority of fully 100 in the 630-seat House of Commons compared with 19 in the last.

But Lord Woolton, Chairman of the Conservative Party organisation, tonight warned the government's supporters against over optimism.

Lord Woolton said there were "too many constituencies with too many narrow majorities, in which I am too greatly concerned about the intervention of Liberal candidates," for there to be any room for complacency on the part of Conservative voters.—Reuter.

Molotov For UN

United Nations, May 20.

The Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr Molotov, will attend the special session of the United Nations Assembly in San Francisco on June 20, it was announced today. — France-Presse.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 4: Hongkong at the B.I.F. — an exclusive picture display.
P. 6: "Ticket to Trouble" — our new Saturday serial by Leonard Mosley.
P. 7: "The Man I Married," by Paola Mori (Mrs Orson Welles).
P. 8: The 1955 Doctors' Dilemma about new noses, by Chapman Pincher.
P. 9: Week-end Woman-sense: Ten Rules for Glamour, by Anne Scott James.
P. 13: Another special election article, "Can Labour Rule?" by Robert Mackenzie.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

All A Question Of Interpretation

London, May 20.

Labour and Conservative spokesmen clashed today over how far a Labour government would nationalise industry.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, a Labour right winger and former Attorney General, said here tonight no new industry would be nationalised "until all its circumstances have been carefully examined by a Labour government."

He added: "certainly no industry which is already operating to maximum efficiency or which could not be improved by nationalisation would be taken over."

But Mr Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Fuel and Power, referring to the assurance of a full enquiry before nationalisation, commented: "But that is definitely not what the official Socialist manifesto says. It states quite categorically: 'We shall bring sections of the chemical and machine tool industries into public ownership.'"—Reuter.

36 Die In Fire

Bombay, May 20.

Thirty-six people perished and 24 were injured when fire destroyed a cotton mill at Lambdi, in the Indian state of Saurashtra, reports from there disclosed today.

Ten thousand bales of cotton were destroyed and the factory was razed.

Firemen fought the blaze for ten hours and one fire engine was consumed in the flames.—Reuter.

Some machinery in a glove factory in Yuen Chow Street was slightly damaged by a small fire at 3 a.m. today.

Billy Graham May Crusade In Russia

FROM GORDON THOMAS

London, May 20.

The American evangelist Billy Graham wants to preach in Russia — and today the Russian Embassy in London said he "would be most welcome."

Ambassador Jacob Malik told me tonight: "I think he is quite a man." Mr Malik has been watching Billy on television so he knows what he's talking about.



BILLY GRAHAM

And he says he will personally do all he can to see the application goes through if Billy applies for a visa.

Just one stipulation: "Mr Graham will have to stick to religion."

So that leaves just one snag. The Graham crusades have always been conducted on an invitation from churches in the crusade area. And Billy wants it to stay that way. He says he would like an invitation from the Soviet churches themselves before he makes the next move.

As to sticking to religion, that's fine with Dr Graham.

"I'd bring to the people of the Soviet Union the same message as I bring to everyone else," he told me—pounding his fist on the table for emphasis.

The message: "Repent before it is too late."

OFFICIALS PLEASED

At the Russian Embassy officials purred "excellent" when they heard that. "That sort of talk could only do good. Dr Graham is a man of the people."

So it looks as though in the vast cathedral-silent Russian Embassy in London's Palace Gardens Row, with its thread-bare red carpets and its vast portraits of Stalin, Billy Graham is something of a hero.

The problem is: who is going to make the first move?

It may well be the Russians.

After I talked to Mr Malik tonight the Russians tipped off a Soviet newsman in London to get on the job and see Dr Graham.

From here on it's up to the Russian churches.

Meanwhile Graham is happy to go on converting the Western world.

In his London crusade he has so far chalked up 15,000 converts —twice the number he brought in last year.—London Express Service.

Miners Have Lucky Escape

New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, May 20.

All miners escaped up air shafts to safety after a flood and cave in at the Mcgregor mine here today. One man suffered facial injuries.

About 200 miners were at work in the Mcgregor shaft of the Dominion Steel and Coal Company's mine when a pool of water in old surface workings suddenly drained into the main shaft carrying away roof supports and causing a fall of coal.

While the men were making their way to the surface it was reported that 50 to 60 were trapped in a working connected with the Mcgregor shaft, but this later proved untrue.—Reuter.

US Opposition To Neutralisation

Washington, May 20.

Official opinion here is hardening against any Soviet proposal for the neutralisation of a unified Germany even as part of a neutrality zone between the Soviet Union and Western Europe.

Officials today made it clear that the government of the German Chancellor, Dr Konrad Adenauer, had no cause for alarm at reported "neutrality talk" in Washington despite the fact that President Eisenhower failed on Wednesday to turn down categorically the idea of a neutrality zone put to him by a French correspondent at the end of his weekly press conference.

Press despatches from Bonn have suggested that such "neutrality talk" might have provided a reason for Dr Adenauer recalling to Bonn the German Ambassadors from Washington, Paris and London reportedly to instruct them to oppose neutrality as a price for German reunification.

Officials today discounted such reports. They pointed out that West Germany's opposition to neutralisation had already been made clear both publicly and privately by Dr Adenauer and his Ambassadors.

United States opposition to the neutralisation of Germany to the permanent exclusion of Germany from any military alliances and to the immediate withdrawal of foreign troops and bases from Germany is well known.

Many of the arguments used here to oppose such neutralisation are equally valid in opposition to the proposal for a zone of neutral states across Europe.

FREE DECISION

The United States position is that it does not wish to impose any such limitations upon the sovereignty of Germany and is willing to permit a free and united Germany to decide after unification of its own free will whether it wishes or does not wish to join in any regional security arrangements.

It is pointed out here that to bar a united Germany perpetually from membership in any regional alliance would be to deprive it of the benefits of collective security against the threat of a very much stronger Soviet Union.

The effect would be to create a power vacuum in the centre of Europe which would be a permanent invitation to externally inspired Communist subversion or more direct Soviet penetration. If Germany was also forbidden to arm, the effect of neutralisation would be to leave an isolated Germany defenceless and Western Europe exposed to Communist attack.—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

Fung Murder Development

The Police confirmed this morning that a suspect has been detained for enquiries concerning the death of Miss Evelyn Fung and that a Eurasian youth will be brought before the Court at Kowloon today on a charge of murder.

The suspect was arrested shortly before 6 p.m. yesterday at a hotel in Nathan Road.

Miss Evelyn Fung, an 18-year-old stenographer, was found dead yesterday morning. Her body was discovered by school boys on a hillside behind the Tang King Po Salesian Trade School, Mission Road. Strangulation is believed to be the cause of her death.

The Queen Honours Airmen

Malaya Exploits

London, May 20.

Awards approved by the Queen for Royal Air Force chiefs who planned operations against terrorists in Malaya last year were announced in the London Gazette tonight.

Awards to the officers and men who carried out the operations are also announced.

Six distinguished flying crosses have been awarded to pilots and navigators for devotion to duty, thousands of flying hours and skill in locating the enemy.

Group Captain Kenneth Slater, senior air staff officer at Air Headquarters, Malaya, has been made a Commander of the British Empire for his outstanding service.

Group Captain Slater's citation said his work resulted in "marked increase in the operational effectiveness of all units."

TWO OBEs

One of two Orders of the British Empire is awarded to Wing Commander Lawrence Kelly for his work as chief technical officer at Changi for over two years.

The citation reads: "It is considered that the magnificent achievements of the Far East Air Force transport wing in keeping the ground security forces supplied during their operations is largely due to Wing Commander Kelly's efforts."

Wing Commander Walter R. Williams, who is 39, has also won an Order of the British Empire. He has commanded the flying wing at Kuala Lumpur since May 1953.

His citation says he had shown courage, skill and unflagging devotion to duty on continuous and intensive air operations against terrorists.

His researches into new techniques resulted in many flights beyond the previously accepted limits for aircraft.

Acting Squadron Leaders Archibald Derry, 46, intelligence officer at Air Headquarters, Malaya, is made a Member of the British Empire. He represented the Royal Air Force when the new federal policy of intensifying psychological warfare was introduced.

Sergeant Trevor Wall, RAF of Beeston, Leeds, who excelled in the field of accurate navigation, operational supply dropping and paratroop sorties, wins the DFM. A similar award goes to Corporal Alan Abbott, Royal Army Service Corps, six times commended for his cool and skilful work by captains of aircraft on supply dropping. He lives at Middleton, Leeds.—Reuter.

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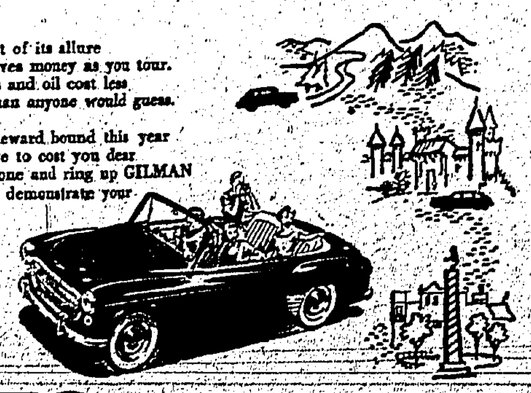
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SHOWING TO-DAY



— Added Attraction —
CINEMASCOPE TECHNICOLOR CARTOON
"NO HUNTING"
Featuring Donald Duck

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KING'S 11.30 a.m. Tony Curtis in "BEACHHEAD" Print in Technicolor

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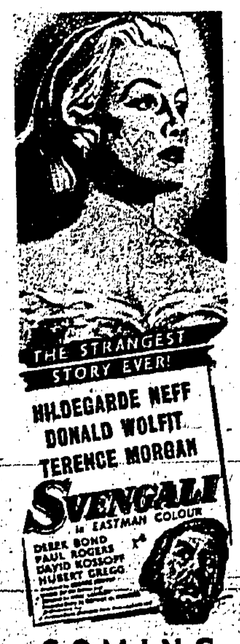


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"THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK"

— TO-MORROW —
First Showing in Kowloon
"THE DAUGHTER OF MATA-HARI"



This picture shows the new young star, James Dean in the Steinbeck film "East of Eden".—

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

"East of Eden" is a very difficult film to assess. One thing however is certain, you can't sit through any five minutes of it without feeling that it's no ordinary picture.

There are moments when sentiment seems about to swamp the action and others when there seems to be no action at all, but these are interspersed between so many excellent stretches that they are easily forgettable.

I haven't read Steinbeck's novel from which it was taken, so accusations that the picture only brings a third of the book to the screen mean nothing to me. What is to the point is that every one of the characters holds the attention for the entire time he or she is before the cameras.

It's the story of two brothers: Caleb, wild and unpredictable, and Aron, everything his father wants him to be. Father himself is a kindly, pleasant man with a strong sense of justice. He is anxious to be fair to his sons, but is unable to love his wayward one as much as the other.

The spark that brings about the action is the discovery by Caleb that the mother whom he and his brother have idealised in their minds is not dead, as their father has told them, but is making an excellent living in a rough fishing town a few miles away as the owner of a brothel.

As a person she means nothing to any of them, but when Caleb in a fit of jealousy tells Aron the truth, it sends him off to the 1914-'18 war, and the loss of his "good" son brings on the paralysis of the father.

Not A Second Brando

I have omitted the girl's part in the story, as, although her supposed attachment to Aron and real love for Caleb are posts on which the action leans, they are not part of the plot in themselves.

There's not a bad performance in the picture, though I can't agree with many of the critics that young James Dean (see strip photo above) who plays the "bad" brother is a second Marlon Brando. He has not the coiled-spring quality of Brando nor does he give the impression of violence suppressed. His wildness in "East of Eden" is conveyed by faun-like leapings and pawings at the ground and quick shy glances at people who confuse him rather than the bullish rearing and stamping which is Brando's way of presenting a "crazy, mixed-up kid."

He is most definitely a new and interesting personality however—quite the best to come up this year.

Julie Harris is an ugly duckling with an instinctive understanding of drama and Raymond Massey's powers of expression need no extra publicity. I would also praise Jo Van Fleet's interpretation of the complex character of the mother. This is another picture to add to Elia Kazan's laurels.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Deep in my Heart". A big scale musical based on the life of Sigmund Romberg. Jose Ferrer, Helen Traubel and Merle Oberon, plus many guest stars.

KING'S, PRINCESS and LEE: "Underwater". A search for hidden treasure. Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland and Richard Egan.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "East of Eden". Repression, passion and the results of both. James Dean, Raymond Massey and Julie Harris.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Out of the Clouds". Romance at London Airport with added hints on how to run an airline. Anthony Steel, Robert Beatty, David Knight and James Robertson Justice.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Outlaw's Daughter". A western in which the Dalton daughter tries to prove that she's as tough as the rest of the gang. Bill Williams and Kelly Ryan.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Bridges of Toko-Ri". The human side of naval flying during the Korean war with some good action sequences added. William Holden, Grace Kelly and Frederic March.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Billy the Kid". A western re-issue. Robert Taylor.

"Athena". A musical. Jane Powell, Edmund Purdom and Debbie Reynolds.

LEE: "Svengali". Hypnotism and heavy drama. Donald Wolfit.

"Jesse James vs. The Daltons". A western.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Prize of Gold". An aircraft carrying gold from Berlin to London is pirated by a gang of assorted characters some weak, some wicked. Richard Widmark, George Cole and Mai Zetterling.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Eternal Sea". An adventure story. Sterling Hayden.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "A Man Called Peter". The life and work of The Reverend Peter Marshall as told by his wife. Richard Todd and Jean Peters.

An Underwater Fashion Show

A lot of very expensive-looking equipment has been used in "Underwater", turning it into a shop window for such natty gadgets as aqualungs and a queer contraption shaped like a large toboggan fitted with hydroplanes and controls to move it about through the submarine coral canyons of the ocean bed.

"Underwater" is also a fashion show—I lost count of Jane Russell's changes of costume, and even her second fiddle, Lori Nelson, dived in and out of more outfits than the average girl gets through in a whole summer—and she is supposed to be penniless!

But "Underwater" isn't only a convenient vehicle for displaying latest fashions in mechanical and sartorial water-wear—it also packs its fair share of thrills.

Richard Egan and Gilbert Roland are tracking down a treasure ship reputed to have been sunk somewhere in the Caribbean in the 1600's. Egan's wife, Jane Russell, with a geologically-minded priest and Lori Nelson (whose excuse for being in the picture is that in spite of being a very dumb blonde she has acquired the title deeds of a yacht needed for the exploration) go along on the trip for their various reasons, and the disintegrating hulk is duly found.

The situation is complicated by the presence of another boat which hovers around ostensibly shark fishing and playing the good neighbour, but which is in reality manned by three cut-throats who will sink to anything to snatch anything our two divers bring up.

As much of the picture takes place underwater, Richard Egan's voice is frequently heard explaining what's going on. There's just enough of this to help the action and not too much to make one tired of even his exceedingly pleasant tones.

There's a lot of "Hasta luego" and "Quien sabe?", but it's not necessary to have more than basic commonsense to understand the conversation. Like Gilbert Roland's guitar and Jane Russell's accent, they're thrown in for atmosphere. Perez Prado also beats out a couple of mambos for a shore scene that keeps up the Latin tempo.

A soothing film with some agreeable people decorating it.

Airport Affair In The Fog

"Out of the Clouds," is a British film revolving round the chance meeting of a young American and a Central European girl at London Airport.

Around them the busy life of the airport goes on giving us a chance to meet the pilots, aircrews and hostesses whose home it is.

Fog is the real Cupid of this picture. It is in the period of suspended animation while their aircraft are grounded that the two young people have a chance to get to know each other.

He is an engineer bound for Israel, she, after the insecurity of a childhood in war-torn Europe is on her way to America to marry a middle-aged business man who will give her the security she has never known.

Stranded at the airport they are each given a glimpse of a happiness within their grasp, and the girl knows that even if she decides to continue her journey to the safety of her elderly husband's home, she will always wonder if she made the right choice.

The two young people are David Knight, who gave such a sensitive performance in "The Young Lovers" and Vienna-born Margo Lorenz whose first film this will be.

On the flying side are Robert Beatty, grounded — temporarily, he hopes,—Anthony Steel and Eunice Gayson. This is a happy little triangle of which Eunice Gayson is the base. As the inevitable veteran pilot, dependable but irascible there's James Robertson Justice, complete with Henry VIII beard.

Various other well-known names in British films have character parts—Gordon Harker as cockney as ever as a taxi driver; Megs Jenkins, the warm-hearted keeper of a London riverside pub; Michael Howard playing a very hard-boiled airport press officer and Marie Lohr looking harassed and dithery over the efficacy of her travel pills.

And if you're a football fan, the New York and Great World are including with "Out of the Clouds" the Cup Final—Newcastle vs. Manchester City.

A Musical Marathon

There are three stars who carry the story side of "Deep In My Heart"—Jose Ferrer, Helen Traubel and Merle Oberon. The rest of the personality-dotted cast list are seen for short snatches only in the production numbers.

As Annie Mueller, Sigmund Romberg's Viennese friend, Helen Traubel is allowed scope to be as free and easy as her unconventional outlook dictates.

Her voice is a joy to listen to, and the five Romberg numbers she sings have been well chosen. Helen Traubel has gathered a lot of publicity by her ownership of a baseball team, by her appearances in nightclubs after the expressed disapproval of the Metropolitan Opera House Board while she was under contract to them, and by her inclusion of W. C. Handy's famous St. Louis Blues in a Carnegie Hall concert, but except in the "Leg of Mutton" number, it's her liveliness stripped of exhibitionism that comes over.

The traditional Wagnerian opera singer is big, booming and dignified. Miss Traubel is certainly the first two, but in her "Leg of Mutton Rag"—a number she dances with Jose Ferrer, she is anything but stately. This, of course, will automatically endear her to the school of thought that confuses dignity with high hatted stuffiness, but to me, the spectacle of a great singer clowning around like an over-enthusiastic member of the chorus is a long way from being amusing.

The aim, in this picture, was to get as much of Romberg's music on to the screen as possible and sometimes, in their efforts to squeeze in yet another song or extract from a show, the production team have stretched logic to breaking point.

It is supposed to be a life of the composer as well as a marathon recital of his songs and often we're hurried from one piece of music to the next with the breakneck speed of the pace at which Jose Ferrer is reputed to work.

It is probably this preoccupation with the musical side of the picture that has given an air of unreality to the acting of Jose Ferrer, Helen Traubel and Merle Oberon. The latter incidentally carries a torch for him throughout the story, losing him gracefully to a poker-faced young woman called Dee Avedon.

Although the length and matter of "Deep In My Heart" make it a little cumbersome, there are at least two numbers that make it worth while, however you view the rest.

One is an exuberantly unsophisticated dance by Gene Kelly and his brother Fred—"I love to go swimmin' wi'h wimmin'." Here is a crinkly-eyed, mischievous Gene kicking his heels up and having fun in a way we haven't seen for a long time. Gone is the introspection of "Brigadoon" and the downright seriousness of "The Secret Island"' and back is the old Gene who seemed to be bursting with the joy of living.

The other is in complete contrast and features Cyd Charisse and James Mitchell dancing and singing to "One Alone" from Romberg's "The Desert Song."

It has fire, ice, drama and glamour and Cyd Charisse has never looked so lovely or danced so provocatively.

Richard Todd As A Parson

I'd like to recommend you to go to see "A Man Called Peter" even if you are inclined to be put off by its apparent seriousness.

Richard Todd and Jean Peters give two of the most moving and sincere performances I've seen for a long time, without making the parson and his wife they play in the slightest prissy, sanctimonious or patronising.

It's the simple story told in the words of Mrs Peter Marshall of the life and work of her husband, the Reverend Peter Marshall. The soft yet confident voice of Jean Peters takes up the narrative at the point where the young Peter has been brought back to his home by a Policeman to face the silent reproaches of his mother and the noisy ones of his stepfather. He has been caught once again trying to stow away on a ship sailing from the familiar confines of Glasgow to the comparative excitement of the world outside.

This love of the sea troubles him all through his childhood and adolescence, but he has learned his lesson and doesn't try to escape any more. Instead, as a very ordinary young man, he works hard, showing no visible signs of the sudden call to the Church he is to receive, is kind and considerate to his mother—and bides his time.

Well-acted Picture

When the call comes he accepts it unquestioningly and in due course is appointed to a small parish in America. His courtship of his wife—or rather her's of him—is sensitively handled and their life together is shown as an idyll of contentment, with plenty of hard work on his side and a world of understanding and support on her's.

Tragedy enters the story but, by this time Richard Todd has succeeded in projecting so well the faith and inner calmness to be found in doing the generous thing against the dictates of self-interest that when Jean Peters is left alone in the world with her young son, the consolation she finds in remembering the words of her husband seems a completely logical outcome.

Richard Todd makes the Reverend Peter Marshall a virile, definite young man, happily sure of himself and the work he's been put on earth to do, never overawed by wealth or position and passionately devoted to helping his fellow men in the way that is individually best for each.

Possibly he makes him a shade more mature than such a young man would be when he starts his ministry, but this is a very small matter in what is otherwise a clearly thought out and well acted picture.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY
From The Academy Award Director of "ON THE WATERFRONT"



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At 11.30 a.m. Only
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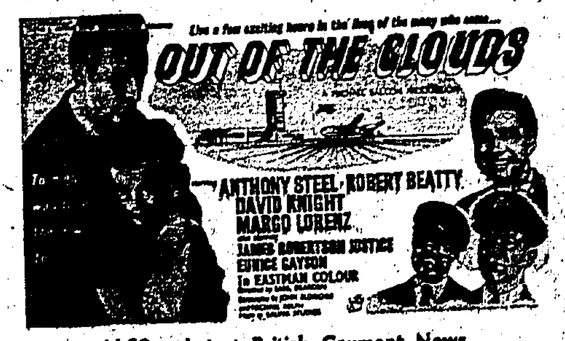


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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Meet Matt O'Shea, Guardian Of The Blarney Stone

Blarney Castle.

Matt O'Shea thinks 1955 is going to be the best year yet for "seekers of eloquence and the gift of the golden tongue."

And the 81-year-old Matt should know. For he has been the guardian for more years than he cares to remember of the famous Blarney Stone which draws thousands of visitors every year to this picturesque part of Ireland.

It is Matt who leads them up the 106 steep steps to the top of the castle and it is Matt who holds their legs as they lean out over the dizzy drop to kiss the stone upside down.

Film stars, generals, prize fighters, writers and nonentities have all left their imprints on the stone. "I keep it scrubbed for hygiene purposes," said Matt, "but not too often or we wouldn't have a blarney stone left."

It shines like marble from the kissing and scrubbing because nobody comes here without putting their lips to it. It costs one shilling and six pence, but nobody minds because legend has it that all who kiss it receive "the gift of the gab."

30,000 Pilgrims

About 30,000 seekers of smooth-talk of all races and professions make the pilgrimage to the oratorical oracle every year. Among the motley crew of Blarney-kissers in modern times are Sir Winston Churchill, Laurel and Hardy, "Wrongway" Corrigan, Rita Hayworth, June Haver and Moshe Rosenburg, a kosher restaurant owner from Tel-Aviv via Brooklyn, New York.

On many of its worshippers, however, the stone seems to work in reverse—it renders them speechless with fear. The stone is set in the battlement about two feet away from the castle proper, and slightly lower than the level of the castle rampart. The kisser must lie on the back, bending the neck to the point where his chin faces heaven. The view from this angle is of a sheer drop ending in a yew tree 180 feet below.

Dozens of sets of false teeth have been lost this way and at least two people have dropped into the branches of the tree. One man tried to sneak a solo kiss one night, fell through and broke his neck. His relatives sued the owner. "He was drunk," said Matt haughtily.

There are at least 100 stories as to how the Blarney Stone got its name.

Jacob's Pillow?

The most likely one dates back to the time of the first Queen Elizabeth. The castle was then owned by a cheiftain Cormac MacCarthy who, while professing to be the Queen's loyal subject, never once fulfilled a promise or condition and talked himself out of every predicament into which he fell. Finally, in disgust, the Queen raged at aides in London, "Blarney, blarney, what he says he does not mean. It is the usual blarney."

The stone itself was supposed to have been "Jacob's Pillow" according to one ancient belief and was brought back to Ireland during the crusades. One part is said to have been diverted to England where it is believed to have been incorporated in the present Coronation stone.

The present castle was built in 1446 by MacCarthy and is owned by Mrs Jack Hilliard, the former Penelope Hamilton, niece of previous owner Sir George Colthurst. Hilliard and his wife lead a quiet life with the upkeep of the castle, stone and traditions their only ambitions.

Major Hilliard said offers of millions of pounds had been received from America for the stone. "But it will never leave here," he emphasised.

Liked June Haver

Matt, one of the few men living who have held thousands of pretty girls around the waist and never got slapped for it, votes June Haver the American movie actress as his favourite kisser. "A grand little girl, I was quite mad about her," he said.

Matt likes his American visitors but one thing he will never forgive—the quarrying of 40 tons of stone similar to the limestone of THE Stone and its shipping to New York for sale at a dollar a piece.

"That was a terrible thing indeed," he said.—United Press.



"Now that you congressmen have voted yourselves a raise, George, why don't you pass it around and stop letting your hair go so long?"

He's Building His Atomic Shelter!

Los Angeles.

An Atomic-bomb shelter is being built on the suburban estate of a Los Angeles industrialist. Everyone hopes it will never be put to a test, but the men who designed it believe they have come up with the best idea yet for survival under Atomic attack.

The shelter, involving a cylindrical iron "hull" buried in the ground, is the brainchild of Paul Laszlo, a noted industrial designer, and James Clark and Major Robert Crawford, two aerodynamics experts.

They believe the shelter would offer complete protection to its occupants as close as one mile to the "ground zero" of an Atomic bomb explosion. Ordinary buildings this close to ground zero would be demolished.

The Los Angeles City Planning Commission earlier this month gave its approval to the shelter. The first one is being built on the spacious grounds behind the home of industrialist Mr John D. Hertz in suburban woodland hills.

The shelter itself consists of a corrugated iron tube 10 feet in diameter and 30 feet long. It will be sunk in the ground and covered with about six feet of earth. It will have three rooms and a capacity for about 14 people.

Air ducts will be equipped with filters to clean radioactive particles out of the air sucked into the shelter. The equipment also includes oxygen tanks, an electric generator, an emergency water supply, a set of tools and a geiger counter and radio.

The Entrance

But the most significant feature of the shelter, as Mr Laszlo describes it, is the entrance. A concrete mound with a carefully worked out aerodynamic shape surrounds the entrance well. This mound is designed to create a low pressure area around the entrance no matter how powerful a blast of air is pushed over it.

Mr Laszlo said this feature protects the shelter from having its door torn off its hinges. An ordinary door would be ripped open by a blast six or eight miles away from ground zero.

The shelter on the Hertz estate will be just outside the house, on the side away from the city of Los Angeles. It will cost $12,000 about £4,000.

"We'll go on from this to simplified models which can be much larger, for schools for instance, or much smaller, for a family of more modest means," Mr Laszlo said.—United Press.

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A 'WHIZZO' RUSSIAN BEAUTY MAY COMPETE FOR THE MISS WORLD TITLE

London.

PRESS agents often rush in where capitalists fear to tread so Major Neville Willing a small, dapper publicist knocked on the door of the Soviet Embassy recently to talk about bathing beauties.

These worried days no clue to Soviet intentions is ever disregarded and Whitehall is probably busy even now trying to evaluate the surprising fact that Major Neville Willing was cordially invited inside and asked to state his case.

The Russian diplomatic mission in London is a wee bit friendlier than it used to be. But even so its house in Millionaires Row is not exactly the heartiest place for a Westerner to spend an afternoon. There are usually long waits until wanted officials appear and a caller often tires of noticing that the portraits of Malenkov have been replaced by the more durable Lenin before his man shows up.

Not so with Major Neville Willing.

"They couldn't have been nicer to me, dear fellow," he said fluttering his hands in excitement. "They asked me what I wanted. I told them I was handling the Miss World Contest and I wanted to invite Russia to send a girl to represent them this year."

After whispered conferences among officials it was apparently decided that beauty contests come under cultural affairs and the greying, sprightly Major was ushered into the office of the cultural attache.

Charming Fellow

"Charming fellow," recalled Major Neville Willing. "Really most pleasant. I told him what I wanted and he listened intently. Then he said: 'Of course in Russia we have the most beautiful girls in the world.'"

The tone of this utterance said the Major, did not admit of argument. It had the authority of an announcement by Radio Moscow of another Russian first—say the discovery of a recipe for apple pie a la mode in a cook book published in Petropavlovsk in 1512.

"Didn't you challenge this?" asked a fan of Western womanhood.

"Frankly no," said the Major. "I suddenly had a mental flash of those belles of Byelorussia whose pictures we used to see occasionally before the war. I've seen some ashblonde Slavs who were positive smashers. It's a big country, no one has combed all of it and there might be some fantastic lookers beyond the Urals for all we know."

No one in the audience could bring himself to believe that Russia actually would take part in an international beauty contest, but the Major gleefully rubbing his well-manicured hands.

"They asked me how long their girl would be needed if she came," he said. "How often she would have to wear a bathing suit and how and by whom the judging was conducted.

"That sounds like they'll participate doesn't it? And since it's always a matter of prestige with them to win I can only say that they must have someone whizzo in mind. Yes, someone absolutely sensational."

And the Major closed his eyes as though already seeing in imagination Miss Collective Farm of 1955 step out before the judges in her bathing suit. A red bathing suit, of course. —United Press.

America Offers A Haven For China's Art Treasures

New York.

Events in the Far East are focussing the interest of art experts and museum directors on the fate of the more than seventy thousand priceless Chinese works of art that Chiang Kai-shek's retreating Nationalists moved from the mainland to Formosa in 1948.

The entire collections of the Peking Palace Museum and the Central Museum of Nanking, the flower of Oriental art, containing many of the most precious masterpieces of old China are packed in 2,279 cases and stored in some hidden mountain hideout of Formosa.

These art treasures contain more than 24,000 pieces of porcelain, more than 8,400 calligraphic works and paintings, more than 4,500 bronzes and more than 4,500 jades. The most precious part of the collection is about 200 paintings of the Sung and Yuan periods which are considered some of the world's greatest masterpieces.

Art News, America's oldest art magazine, publishes in the May issue an article by Horace H. F. Jayne, Vice-Director of the Philadelphia Museum, who says the United States should offer a haven for these treasures.

Under Constant Threat

In the same issue of the magazine, Dr Hu Shih, a Trustee of the Collections, warns that the art treasures are in storehouses that are neither fire nor bombproof, and are "under the constant threat and danger of mountain dampness, humidity and air-bombing."

In urging removal of the art works, Mr Jayne writes: "The world can little doubt our ultimate intention of seeing that all are in due course returned to their rightful owners—the Chinese people—whenever it is evident that they have a responsible leadership."

In January 1954 Dr Hu Shih met in New York with directors of the greatest American art museums and a plan was prepared to bring 200 art objects—among the finest is the Formosan collections—to the USA where they would have gone on view in Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.

Took An Inventory

In Summer, 1954, Aschwin Lipps, Associate Curator of Far Eastern Art at the Metropolitan Museum of New York, visited Formosa, took an inventory of the collection and discussed some of the aspects of the American exhibition.

"Unfortunately discussion of this project seems to have bogged down for some unrevealed reasons," writes Mr Jayne, "though lately information has come to us that there is a hope of the project's revival."

But even though the American exhibition might protect a selected group of objects, it would have to be returned to Formosa. The majority of the works of art would in any case remain in Formosa. And Mr Jayne concludes that "it would be better frankly to offer sanctuary to the whole enormous collection, letting parts be shown if wanted in chosen museums, but providing proper storage for the balance until time solves the problem of ultimate resting place."—United Press.

Move To Halt False Alarms

Tokyo.

The Tokyo fire department is attaching loud buzzers to alarm boxes in Tokyo's "gay" quarters in an effort to halt false alarms which cost the city about $150 each.

Four out of five alarms turned in are fake.

But the fire department said it would cost over $150,000 to attach the buzzers to all 2,000 boxes throughout the city and it does not have that much money.

So the authorities are putting up a dozen or so buzzers on fire alarm boxes in the Yoshiwara and Shinjuku amusement areas, where false alarms are most frequent.

The buzzers are set to emit a loud noise when the alarm is turned in. Police believe they can catch the pranksters more easily when the new gadget is set up.—United Press.

FREE COFFEE

When The Alarm Rings

Granada, Spain.

The alarm has been sounded in the cafetaria coffee war. And it is a three bell alarm at that.

The war started when one bar offered patrons a free shave with an electric razor.

Its rival has struck back with free coffee all around for those in the war when an alarm clock, turned face to the wall, goes off. This performance is repeated three times each morning.—United Press.

Shoots Wolves From A Plane

Kenora.

Morris Merikel of Wadena, claimed recognition today as Ontario's best airborne wolf hunter.

He recently claimed bounty for 20 wolves he had shot from a plane. The winter before he bagged 44 in Ontario and 26 in Northern Manitoba. — United Press.

Famous Hotel To Be Rebuilt

Bonn.

Bonn will also soon have its first top-rate hotel to accommodate official visitors.

The old Koenigshof Hotel, for generations the leading hotel in the city, was bombed out during World War II and the owner refused to rebuild it because they believed Bonn was only the temporary capital of West Germany and they feared they would be left with a white elephant.

Now they have apparently decided that the East-West split is here to stay.

The Bonn Government is putting up the funds in conjunction with the Government of the state of North Rhine-Westphalia, the city of Bonn and one of the country's biggest banks.

The rebuilt "Koenigshof" is expected to open for business early next year.—United Press.

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Geiger Counter Guides Blind Man Home

Toronto.

Ken Gardner, a blind canteen operator, is literally keeping in step with the atomic age. He finds his way home with a Geiger counter.

The 30-year-old bachelor lost his sight five years ago and found it difficult to get around the way most blind men do—by counting steps. He kept losing the count and missing his house until he thought of the Geiger counter.

A sighted friend with experience in electronics helped find him a $30 counter, no larger than two packs of cigarettes, and a piece of radioactive ore to bury in front of his door.

Gardner connected the instrument to his white cane and to a small detachable earphone. Today, he finds his way home without faltering as the counter begins ticking furiously.

Now he has solved his own problem, Gardner is pressing for more help for the blind. He wants scientists to develop a Geiger counter that will fit inside a white cane, and he wants cities to mark strategic points with radioactive paint. —United Press.

AN EXPERT SAYS:

WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME

Chicago.

Dr Herbert Ratner is one of those people who believe that women should stay home and look after their children and stop trying to make "assistant wives" out of their husbands.

Dr Ratner, Health Commissioner of Oak Park, made these points at a mental health lecture attended by married couples.

Husbands should not have to wash the dishes unless they volunteer, he said. "Then why should I have to wash them?" a young housewife asked.

"Because it's your job," replied Dr Ratner, who minces no words.

The Men Laughed

There was a hush, followed by masculine laughs.

"Why should a woman try to make a second-rate woman out of her husband?" Dr Ratner demanded. "What are we trying to do, set up a matriarchy?"

Dr Ratner, who is an associate Professor of Preventive Medicine at Loyola University, said most parents, husbands included, did not show their children enough affection.

Many young mothers, he said, were too busy with clubs and "community work."

Older Women's Job

Civic and community organisations should be left to older women who have already raised their families, he said.

But many young mothers become "willingly and happily ensnared" in such groups, he said, and persuaded themselves that they were doing a "greater good" for their children.

So the child, unsure of his parents' affection, shows off or "acts up" when company comes, or scribbles on the walls to express his resentment, Dr Ratner said.

One out of every 12 children born in America was destined to end up in a mental institution, he said, so it behoved parents to expend their energy on "a bang-up job of child rearing."—United Press.

To Help 'Enslaved Russians'

Athens.

The foundation of a union of "Friends of the enslaved Russians fighting for freedom" was announced here by a group of intellectuals.

The aims of the new organisation are stated in its charter as follows: (a) anti-Communist propaganda and enlightenment of the Greek people on Communist reality. (b) help to Russian people fighting for its freedom (c) re-establishment of close traditional connections between the Greek and the Russian people.

The Union has sent a letter to the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs requesting his aid in the campaign for the liberation of Alexander Trousnovitch who was abducted on April 13, 1954 from West Berlin, and was reported by a Communist radio to have presented himself "willingly" to the Communist authorities of East Berlin.—United Press.

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HONGKONG AT THE B. I. F.



HER Majesty the Queen visiting the Hongkong stand at the British Industries Fair. Escorting her are (from left) Mr E. G. A. Grimwood, director of the Hongkong Government Office in London, Mr T. F. R. Waters, of John D. Hutchison and Co., Ltd., and Mr Peter Shek, of the Oriental Corporation, Ltd.

THE Hongkong stand has attracted businessmen from all over the world. Here, Mr Oduyoye, a Nigerian store owner, has a business chat with Mr R. R. Todd, formerly Secretary for Chinese Affairs here (left), and Mr K. L. Sams.

ONE of the most popular exhibits at the Hongkong stand were the toys. Chinese dolls by Miss Ada Lum and leather-cloth animals won the admiration of these and many other visitors.



SERVICE with a smile! That is what this trade buyer got from Mr D. C. Bray, Hongkong civil servant, who interrupted his leave to lend a hand at the Colony's B.I.F. stand.







THREE helpers ready with advice for visitors. Left to right: Mr R. Winship, of the Hongkong Civil Aviation Department, Mr S. F. T. B. Lever, of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, and Mr A. St G. Walton, of the Colonial Secretariat.

WHAT the fuss was all about! Mr Waters showing Mr Shek a pair of Hongkong-made knitted gloves—one of thousands exported to Britain each year. Mr Shek runs one of the biggest glove factories here.

WOMEN visiting the Hongkong stand at the Fair were immediately attracted by the gaily-coloured display of textiles. An intricate piece of lace-work won this lady's approval.

By Ernie Bushmiller

NANCY



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

U.S. Shocked By

BRUTAL POLICE METHODS

By John Sampson

New York.

CIVIC and bar associations are protesting against a series of incidents in which New York Police have resorted to brutal third degree methods to extract confessions from murder suspects.

The most shocking case involved a 19-year-old youth who was forced into confessing a hold-up murder last March, and was in prison awaiting trial when police discovered they had made a mistake.

The youth, Alvin Barner, was in a cinema when the hold-up occurred. His family and friends affirmed it. Nevertheless, he was hauled out of bed at 1.30 a.m. and taken to a police station, where he was questioned for 16 hours.

Finally detectives told him they had brought in two of his pals who had confessed complicity in the crime.

"All right," said Barner wearily. "What do you want me to tell you?"

"Tell us anything," a detective answered.

IN GAOL

Barner made up a story. Only after he signed it was he given anything to eat. Then he was taken to a bridge, where he showed police how he had thrown his gun into the water. He had never owned a gun.

He and his pals were in gaol ten days when police heard that another trio was boasting of the murder. This trio was arrested and the first three released.

"I never did so much praying in my life," said Barner afterwards. "It was silly of me confessing, I guess, but I was confused and scared, and one cop told me it would make me feel better."

The American Civil Liberties Union, one of the most active defenders of civil rights in the country, is now conferring with the District Attorney's office to try to prevent such occurrences in the future.

A spokesman told me: "We are pointing out the advantages of the British system, where a man is charged, cautioned and promptly brought into court.

"Here the third degree takes many forms. The victim may be beaten or starved or kept awake for days by protracted 'grilling.' Such methods are always illegal but too often condoned by the public."

When British-born Ann Yarrow was found stabbed to death in a girl friend's flat last February, Ernest Jackson, aged 35, was taken into custody because someone recalled that Ann was afraid of him. He was questioned for three days, then released.

BRUISES

Next Mike Morelli, who had never seen the girl in his life, was suspected of being the "Mike" once referred to in a letter written by Ann. He was questioned for thirty hours. Once he smuggled a note out saying the police were beating him. His head bore bruises when he appeared in court.

Soon after Morelli was released a 25-year-old man named William Farrell was arrested. He confessed after all-night questioning. But before he could be brought to trial doctors pronounced him hopelessly insane. He is in a prison hospital.

The tragedy of these cases is that suspects are pointed out as murderers long after they have been cleared. Nearly all of them lose their jobs and have to change their addresses.

James MacPherson, a mechanic, is suing the city for £85,000 for false arrest. He says he was subjected to "inquisition, torture and bodily assault" for 24 hours by police.

"I was obliged to say I would submit to a lie detector test," he states. "The ordeal was enough to cause an innocent person to weaken and yield up a false confession."

COERCED

How many innocent persons are actually convicted it is impossible to know. Camilo Leyra, 55, was convicted of killing his parents five years ago. Twice he was saved from the electric chair. Now the courts have ordered him to be re-tried on the grounds that he was "mentally coerced" into confessing.

When a suspect maintains his innocence after long secret questioning, detectives usually bring him to the scene of the crime in the hope that he will break down and re-enact the murder.

That is what they did with a young Puerto Rican the other day. Cameramen were on hand to photograph him confessing. Instead, he fell down on his knees clutching a Bible between his manacled hands.

"Please, please, don't make me swear to it," he implored his captors.

A few hours later they announced that he had.



"Remember, George? Ten years ago — we celebrated VE Day with those two nice little frauleins in Bremen."

—(London Express Service)



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THE MATADOR *without* A BULLRING

"I'd rather have a live husband than a dead hero," says the wife of Vincent Hitchcock, the Englishman who fought bulls in Spain for £500 a time.

by PETER CARSON

THE hand that killed 150 charging bulls reached out and gripped not a sword but a spoon. The man who had earned £1,500 in a week in Spain's bullrings stirred his tea and, looking around the cramped little parlour of the Greenford (Middlesex) semi-detached, said disconsolately: "It isn't easy, you know, being back in England at 27 and knowing nothing but how to fight bulls."

And Jacqueline, pretty wife of Britain's only matador, cut in quickly as she fed five-month-old Vanessa Felicia: "And if you ever do that again you'll have a divorce on your hands, for mental cruelty."

The warning was made light with a smile. But there you have the dilemma of Vincent Charles Hitchcock, the Southend-born son of a Hatton Garden jeweller, who for five years knew the dazzling, dangerous life of the *fiesta de toros*, who heard the idolatrous *Ole!* of the fans ring sweetly in his ears, who had from the rich and the smart the friendship that is lavished upon all matadors — while they remain brave and handsome.



'I would like to go back . . .'

With lean brown face, black hair and swirling cape, Hitchcock looked a Spaniard . . . a man who in some strange way had transmuted not only personality but nationality.

Suit of lights

All gone — yet still there in Spain to be recaptured, Hitchcock believes. But his wife, the young English reporter he met in Madrid, wants a live husband and not a dead hero.

"I would like to go back to the bullring," he told me. "I'm still remembered. It would simply be a matter of getting fit again and losing a few pounds. But" —a wry smile—"as you see, my wife doesn't approve of the idea. So — who knows?"

With his foot he stirred a bloodstained muleta — the scarlet cloth that drapes the sword — in a heap between a carrycot and a bundle of old photographs and Press clippings proclaiming the successes of *El Ingles* (the Englishman).

On the sideboard, beside a pile of fresh ironing, stood a framed pictured of himself in his "suit of lights," the gold-embroidered costume that costs £100.

As he sat below it, reminiscing, he was wearing a blue reefer jacket, white shirt and school tie. Yet, with his brilliantined thinning black hair, his lean face still saddle-brown from the sun glare in which he so often stood taunting on a bull with swirls of the cape, he looked a Spaniard entire: a man who in some strange way had transmuted not only personality but nationality.

But Hitchcock never saw Spain until he went there as a merchant seaman in 1948. A few months later he took the mad decision. Against family opposition, and with only £35 and a Spanish dictonary, he returned — to become a fighter of bulls.

For bread, he worked as a house-painter in Madrid. He practised the art that had so strangely thrown an urgent fascination upon him with bicycle handlbars for horns and sacking for cape, and he learned to kill bulls in the local slaughterhouse.

He found a manager to sponsor him, and three months later (a fraction of the time that a Spanish would train) he faced his first bull. He was tossed—but he killed it cleanly. At his second fight he was awarded tail and two ears, an honour that comes to most matadors only after years.

Hitchcock freely acknowledges that the curiosity value of being an Englishman helped to bring quick fame. But also, he fought his bulls with elegance and valour.

Twice badly gored, many more times slightly wounded, by 1952 he had reached front rank and was fighting 20 bulls a season, sometimes three in a week, at £500 a time—for a matador's receipts are on film star scale.

And where is the money now? Hitchcock laughed. "Easy come, easy go. The cost of living—very gay living!—is high for a bullfighter. Everyone drinks the health of the matador—on his bill. I earned fabulous money fast and it went just as fast, on enjoyment mostly, I suppose. You think it's a well that can't run dry."

Fishing

When the season ended in the autumn of 1952 he returned to England to marry Jacqueline. He fell ill and an operation prevented him from returning to Spain the next year. Then his father died and delayed him again—and then Jacqueline made her feelings felt. He started a travel agency and it flourished; but he abandoned it —"Too frustrating sending other people to Spain while I sat day after day in that stuffy London office."

So now Hitchcock is trying to become a full-time and professional actor. He has appeared in "What's My Line?" and had small roles in a few TV plays. He hopes that talks now going on, to put him in a film based on his own bizarre career, will bear fruit.

Between jobs—and they are not frequent—he takes his rods and goes fishing for tench and bream—for this master of the most perilous of arts loves fishing, the quietest of sports.

And in the evenings he sits in that overcrowded front room and sometimes re-reads the yellow press cuttings.

"There are times when I become very nostalgic," he told me, "and then I play my *flamenco* records and it almost all seems real again. You see"—he sipped his third cup of tea—"I adore Spain. I find it very, very hard to stay away."

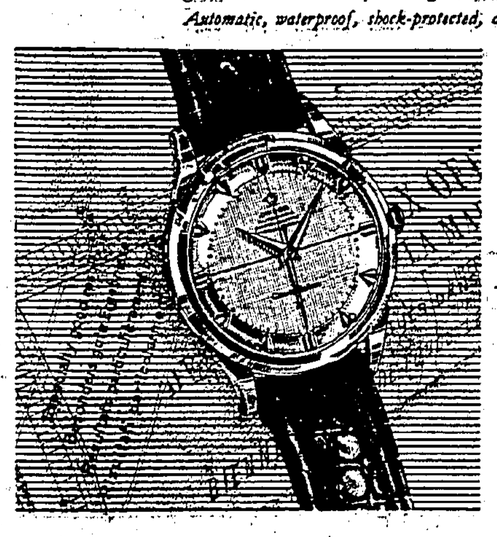
Will he return to the bulls, the glamour and the riches? I think Vincent Hitchcock is not sure; I think his wife wishes she were sure that he won't.

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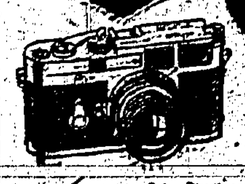
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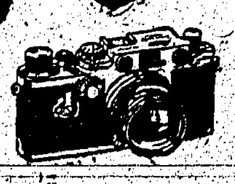
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ON SALE AT LEADING PHOTO DEALERS

87

TICKET TO TROUBLE

IT BEGINS TODAY . . . a thriller-serial alongside the Film Festival at Cannes, on the French Riviera. The story is told by Louise Fraser, a starlet who goes to the Festival—and finds she has taken a Ticket to Trouble.



The face of Louise Fraser

written by
LEONARD MOSLEY



Italian star Sofia Loren at the Cannes Film Festival.

DRAWING by ROBB

Cannes.

EVERYONE here has been so kind and thoughtful to me since that horrible thing happened that I ought to be calm and collected again. But I am not. I am desperately frightened.

I know I'm being silly. Here I am, in one of the most famous resorts in the world, surrounded by beauty and glamour. The Cannes Film Festival has begun and I am in the middle of it.

Five feet away from the cafe table where I am writing this, Van Johnson and Olivia de Havilland are talking together over a nightcap. Doris Day has just walked by.

All this means that a dream of my life has come true. I should be the happiest girl in the world.

And I am scared to death.

★ ☆ ★

I CAN'T get over the memory of that man's terrible face when I saw him in my room. Every time I move I can feel the bruise his icy hands made on my shoulder and neck.

The night is warm and the moon is almost full, and the lights sparkle round the fabulous Bay of Cannes—and oh! how I wish I were making myself a cup of tea in the safety of my little flat in Pimlico!

I suppose I had better explain how it all happened.

My name is Louise Fraser and I am an actress. Not a famous actress yet, though I hope to be.

A few months ago my agent telephoned me and said: "Hello, Louise. Can you be out at Shepperton studios by midday? I've got you a screen test. If it comes off you get a small part in Carol Reed's 'A Kid for Two Farthings.'"

"Joe," I said, "it sounds too good to be true."

But it was true. I was given the test and I got the part. It was only one scene and a few lines—but it was a start.

★ ☆ ★

A FEW weeks ago, after the film had been finished, I read that "A Kid for Two Farthings" had been made the main British film entry at the Cannes Festival.

Even while I was reading it the telephone rang. It was Joe.

"Louise," he said, "my partners and I are going to take a gamble on you. They are giving a private view of the film in London next week.

"We will go and see it together. If you turn out to be as good as they say, we are going to send you to Cannes."

We went to the private view of the film, Joe and I, and we waited for my scene to come on. We waited and waited.

The lights went up and we looked at each other in despair. For reasons of time they had eliminated my scene!

I went home and had a good cry. And then, in the middle of the night, I suddenly woke up and knew what I was going to do. Next morning I drew my last savings out of the Post Office.

And two days ago I boarded the train at Victoria—for Cannes.

I left Paris in the Blue Train. It was bursting with famous people — the lovely little Brigitte Bardot, fresh from her starring role in "Doctor at Sea"; Nadia Gray, carrying on a continuous conversation in four different languages. And Van Johnson.

Every time I passed his compartment I could hear him singing. He sang all the time. (He has, in fact, been singing while he has been in Cannes too—and now I know why. He has decided to stop smoking and thinks if he sings or hums it will prevent him from popping a cigarette in his mouth.)

It was early morning when we arrived in Marseilles.

I noticed a woman on the platform looking up at me. She was quite young and pretty, but her expression was of someone frightened. Suddenly she boarded the train.

"Are you going on holiday?" she asked me.

"Yes," I replied. 'I'm going to the Cannes Festival."

"Please," she said, "it would be a great help if you could do something for me when you get to Cannes. What hotel are you staying at, Mademoiselle?

★ ☆ ★

I TOLD her I had not made up my mind. She reached into her handbag and scribbled a name on a piece of paper.

"Then let me recommend a good hotel, Mademoiselle. It's close to the cinema and the sea. Please go there and ask for Madame Durand, who is the proprietress, and tell her you come from Elsa."

I said: "It is very kind."

"In return," she replied, "I would like you to do me one favour." She thrust an envelope into my hand.

"All I asked," she said, "is that you keep this envelope and do not give it to anyone until you are asked for it. Someone will come to the hotel and will speak to you in English. They will ask for the package from Elsa. You will hand it over."

★ ☆ ★

SHE looked at me as I hesitated — and then she laughed — although her eyes were not laughing. "Don't be afraid, Mademoiselle. It isn't dangerous. I will tell you what is in the envelope. I have a friend waiting for me in Cannes, but I must not be seen arriving."

She pointed to the envelope. "Inside here is my address in Cannes—and the key to my apartment. Do you understand, Mademoiselle?" She laughed again. "It is a romantic intrigue. You will help me?"

Before I could reply she had turned and made off swiftly down the corridor of the train, leaving the envelope in my hand. I did not see her again.

The train drew into the station at Cannes. Olivia de Havilland stepped off first and was immediately surrounded by photographers. Doris Day came next and was mobbed by a cheering crowd. Over in the far corner, Vittorio de Sica, the Italian director, and Sofia Loren, the star of his latest film, were posing.

I looked around for the woman who had given me the envelope, but there was no sign of her.

I glanced once more at the name she had scribbled on the piece of paper. Hotel Fantastico, it said. I took a taxi to it.

The hotel was small and clean and cheap in price. And, as the woman had said, it was close to the sea. When I asked for Madame Durand there was a flurry from the kitchen and out came a huge woman.

"Did you say that Elsa sent you?" she asked. "Then you must have all the best."

She stood there smiling as the maid led me to my room.

I was tired, and I slept the rest of the day away. It was dark when I awoke. Outside the traffic hummed along the front of Cannes.

★ ☆ ★

AND then suddenly I was aware that I was not alone in my room.

I reached towards the electric light switch and turned it on; and then I screamed with horror. For crouched back against the cupboard beside my open suitcase was a man. He was young —but he was completely bald.

He wore a black sweater and trousers and he had a patch over one eye.

Before I could scream again he had gripped my hand and pulled me away from the switch, turning off the light.

"Make any more noise," he said in a low voice, "and you will not live to do it for long."

But I couldn't help it. I pulled my mouth away from his hand and I screamed again and again. He then threw his hands to my shoulders and throat and flung me to the floor.

"Quickly," he said. "Where is the envelope? Give me the envelope."

Before I could point to my handbag, where I had put the envelope, there were sounds from the corridor and footsteps approached my door. Then came the voice of Madame Durand.

I felt the pressure of the fingers around my throat relax and I screamed again. But by the time Madame Durand had pushed her way into the room, the man with the bald head had flung himself towards the window and disappeared down into the courtyard below.

★ ☆ ★

I began to sob as Madame Durand bent over me and gently lifted me on to the bed. "Poor child, what has happened? she asked. "I will ring for the police. Who was that man? Tell me all about it."

While she hurried away to the telephone I lay on the bed, terrified out of my wits.

It was 10 o'clock in the evening. Only 200 yards away all the film stars, dressed in their best, were arriving at the Festival Cinema for the big film of the evening.

And here was I, conscious of only one thing — that someone had broken into my room in search of something so important that he was prepared to kill me in order to get it.

What was it he wanted so desperately? I reached over for my handbag and looked inside. Yes, the envelope was still there....

WHAT is happening to Louise Fraser? Watch for the next instalment next Saturday.

A Few Tips On How To Flirt



by RENE MacCOLL

THE copious sunshine was kindling the spring day into a gentle explosion of happiness.

I was cleaning out the box-room and suddenly came across a tiny tome, whose title seemed deliciously appropriate to the season. "The Natural History of the Flirt," it was called; its author, one Albert Smith; printed in London in 1848.

The Spring and the Sun can connive to many purposes—but what better than flirtation? I do not have to remind you of the slightly grisly background to life in 1955—strikes, and the threat of them; bombs, and the threat of them; elections, and the certainty of them.

Her outlook

BUT what was cooking in in 1848, the year when A. Smith penned his light-hearted pages? To the Forty-eighters too the outlook seemed grim.

All Europe was in revolutionary ferment, and in England a movement called Chartism was coming to the boil. (The Chartists were fretting about all the things which we nowadays take for granted, such as Universal Suffrage and the Abolition of Property Qualifications for M.P.s.)

Everyone was so worried by the Chartist threat that 200,000 special constables were enrolled in order to take care of the 500,000 demonstrators who were supposed to present a petition, signed by 6,000,000 persons, on Kennington Common one evening. But the demonstrators never turned up, the "specials" were left to eye each other sheepishly before going home to supper.

However, flirtation remains one of the charming links which we in 1955—worrying about what is happening at Yucca Flats—retain with 1848 (when they were worrying about what failed to happen in Kennington).

So let us examine A. Smith's little book. For it is relaxing to realise that they and we are pleasantly alike in a basic respect.

Her hand

SMITH lists among the general characteristics of the Flirt of more than a century ago:—

"She is very nice. She has a singular knack of driving young men 12-in-hand; keeping them all together.

"She allows you to press her hand—and has been known to return it! Sometimes she permits the approximation of feet under the dinner-table—very delightful.

"She is skilled in saying with great coolness, 'NO, I think it was the next,' when the shower of her admirers asks if it is not the dance he is engaged to her for.

"She does not object to walk out at the seaside in a high wind...."

And just listen to this. "She can talk with her fingers; and, in extreme cases, has been known to make telegraphic signs from the open window to the young gentleman that her family do not approve of, in the wish to discover whether he is going to a certain party."

My only comment on that is that the paterfamilias of 1848 didn't know how lucky he was that Alexander Graham Bell hadn't hit on his pesky telephone device as, yet—if only the young women of today were content to signal with their fingers, I might be able to contrive a smuggled call on my own telephone now and then.

Her sparkle

THIS passage seems to me to get at the heart of all women, Flirt or no Flirt:—

"The quadrille finished, the Flirt will not take any refreshment, but sits down at once by her chaperon, rather cross; until she sees Charley Lincoln of the Blues through the muslin of the front drawing-room doorway as he comes upstairs. Now her eyes sparkle once more! The waltz begins, and the favoured cavalier edges his way along the room, with well-assumed unconcern, towards her. There is no need of introduction; before eight bars are over they are up together, and having quietly and with great determination knocked a few lumbering three-timers out of their circle—men who keep their partners at arm's length, and girls who turn their heads first over one shoulder and then over the other as they waltz—they go off and ahead, and soon clear their own way."

Her ensign

THE "military or garrison Flirt" is held in low esteem by expert Smith. He draws an ugly scene in "The Officers' Mess of the Tenth," where "a pure-minded young ensign" is being poisonously teased by his heartless fellow-officers over dinner.

The ensign blurts out his attachment to "a certain garrison beauty."

"'Why, dear old boy,' laughs one, 'you cannot be thinking of Alicia Flower? Ho! ho! ho!'

And then the entire mess is convulsed with laughter at the bare idea. 'Astoon was spooney in that quarter five years ago,' gasps another. 'And it was never clearly made out why Graham did not marry her,' adds a third.

"And then the ensign is told by the colonel to ring the bell for some more claret, which stops this (to him) most unpleasant conversation."

Her owner

AH, well. The vague fears may be slightly different, but the basic worries, then and now, are pretty much the same.

And here is a nice touch. The inscription on the fly-leaf of "The Natural History of the Flirt" reveals it to have belonged at one time to Professor William P. Ker (1855-1923), Fellow of All Souls and Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

Besides that, dry-witted, port-sipping W. P. Ker was not only a renowned mountain-climber—but one of the most famous and determined bachelors to whom Oxford has ever played affectionate host.

Bachelordom and flirtation—perhaps the perfect combination.

Presenting the Tudor Oyster Prince

FOR the man whose purse is modest, yet whose aspirations are high, Rolex of Geneva have specially commissioned the Tudor Oyster Prince.

In many respects, the amazing Tudor Oyster Prince matches the most expensive wrist-watches. For Rolex of Geneva have endowed this watch with the famous Oyster waterproof case and the infallible "rotor" self-winding mechanism.

Thus we have a magnificent watch, thoroughly waterproofed, automatically wound, yet priced at a moderate level.

Rolex of Geneva have submitted the Tudor Oyster Prince to the most rigorous tests ever devised for a self-winding wrist-watch. So impressive were the results of these tests, that it has been decided to make them the subject of a world-wide advertising campaign. The first advertisement in this series is reproduced below.

For those of your customers who look longingly at a Rolex Perpetual, but lack the means to buy one, show them the Tudor Oyster Prince. In its field, this is undoubtedly the finest watch Swiss skill and experience have ever produced. It is retailed to the public, as illustrated.



The Tudor Oyster Prince, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva. Waterproofed by the famous Oyster case, self-wound by the unique "rotor" mechanism, the Tudor Oyster Prince is the most outstanding wrist-watch for its price ever offered to the public.

★

This advertisement, the first of the new series, features the "Trial of Destruction." Six Tudor Oyster Princes were worn, one after the other, by a workman who spent a total of 30 hours operating a pneumatic drill. As the chisel of the drill bit into granite, each watch suffered over 1,000,000 tremendous shocks. Yet the Tudor watches emerged unharmed and functioning perfectly!



TUDOR
Oyster Prince

SCHOOLS GO ON THE RUN

From DONALD WISE
Johannesburg, Friday

TEACHER came in and we all stood up. Then we sat down quickly and lifted our legs as the drain overflowed.

The teacher and I were the only ones with shoes, but none of us wanted wet face.

I was in a "hedge school," located in a stinking backyard, to relearn my alphabet from an African teacher risking a fine of £50 or six months in "tronk" for holding class.

Tronk is Afrikaans for gaol where Dr Hendrik Verwoerd, Strydom's Minister of all non-European matters, puts teachers who oppose his Bantu Education Act.

There are 120 principals and some 5,000 pupils about this city who dislike his system—even though it is voluntary.

They believe, and the Minister has confirmed this, that his brand of schooling — State-trained teachers working to rigidly controlled programmes fits them for African society only.

So, like Catholics in 16th-century England when Henry VIII broke with the Pope, they have organised an underground of mobile "independence" hedge schools and teachers.

My school today was located in the worst barbed-wire encompassed township among Johannesburg's mine dumps of golden sand.

Chickens nagged and pecked at my shoelaces. The intimate chores of life went on about us as we chanted: "One and one is two, one and two is three, two and three is five."

We had already learned our alphabet for the day. We were on our third R—the second one, writing, is almost impossible to put over when the whole faculty is on the run.

The hedge school system is being watched closely throughout Strydom's Africa, where there are sufficient schools for only 48 percent of all African children.

My fellow pupils, by their insubordination, have incurred the penalty of permanent banishment from all of them.

By insisting that his 9,000,000 voteless Africans send their children voluntarily to his schools to prepetuate their inferiority, Verwoerd has driven a barbed-wire wedge into the classrooms.

HIS FEAR

Child bashes child. Teachers set fire to other teachers after soaking them with petrol.

Headmaster Gordon Magobiane peered through the broken windows of his public school and wailed to me: "I am afraid to walk about. We have no protection."

Because he believed Verwoerd's way is better than no education at all, Magobiane is a marked man.

So the Act, against which the Bishop of Johannesburg closed his mission schools because he found it "morally indefensible," has driven bewildered parents to put their children into the hands of violent thugs for whom my surly, suspicious master of today works.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN — By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



Death on the Road—with a Vengeance

THE PHANTOM LORRY

LEONARD VIGARS TELLS ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

IT was, on the face of it, just another unfortunate road accident in which a man had been killed. But the coroner took his jury to the scene at midnight in an attempt to find some explanation for what had happened.

For a man had sworn he had seen a lorry backing out of an opening in the road—and that had caused the accident. Only there was no opening at that particular point; and there had been no lorry.

Thus was born the story of the Phantom Lorry of Cheshire.

The expression was first used by the coroner himself, the late Mr Stuart Rodger, a careful and painstaking official. It was February, 1930, and he was conducting an inquest on a 29-year-old bus-driver, Charles Ridgway, of Hyde, Cheshire.

Ridgway had been a pillion passenger on his cousin Albert Collinson's motorcycle. Early in the morning they had both been found in a heap on the road between Hyde and Mottram (part of the Manchester-Sheffield road), Ridgway with fatal injuries and Collinson with a fractured skull. No one had seen the crash.

Collinson told the jury that when he approached an opening between an inn and a cross-roads a heavy motor-vehicle suddenly appeared on his left, backing out of the opening.

No Opening

Police and members of the jury, who knew the place agreed there was no opening and police said they had no evidence of a lorry being on the spot. Collinson was adamant. He definitely remembered seeing "the jagged edge of the lorry."

"Something happened," he said, "I don't know what."

This remark impressed Mr Rodger. "It must have been a phantom lorry," he said.

Had something really appeared on the road that dark, wet winter's morning? For the accident was by no means the first at that fatal spot.

In the previous 22 months there had been 16 accidents there, involving cars, lorries, motor-cycles and pedestrians, for which (in the coroner's words) "no satisfactory explanation could be given." Three people had been killed, 25 injured and 18 vehicles badly damaged.

It was an almost straight road and had a good surface.

Added to this there was the curious evidence of a resident there who had told of footsteps outside the house at night. He had a dog which would tackle a man. It was sent out when the footsteps were heard, but returned howling and terrified.

The story of "the road which hated motorists" soon spread. Fleet Street sent its special correspondents to Hyde and the man who heard the footsteps, Mr William Gratton, licensee of the inn near where many of the accidents took place, was cross-examined thoroughly.

Footsteps

He had heard footsteps in his yard so frequently that he had ceased to be alarmed, but a woman living next door was terrified and had awakened screaming when the sounds were heard. Mine Host described them as "exactly like a rather heavily built man walking up to the back door, hesitating and walking away again." He had flung open the door again and again but had seen nothing.

Lately, he added, he noticed the sound was almost invariably the warning of an impending crash.

More reports of previous accidents and unusual happenings at the spot came to light.

Pedestrians had been run down and on every occasion, it was averred, the driver had declared the victims were invisible to him until it was too late to avoid them. Mr Gratton kept first-aid equipment in his house.

Motorists began passing the spot with caution. Parties of investigators walked the road at night. An authority on psychic research, spent several hours there. Nothing came to light but a number of theories to account for what was happening were put forward.

One was that fluttering strips of paper attached to the hedge by the road would be caught in a car's light at night, startle the driver and cause a quick swerve. Another said a revolving windmill of a well nearby made a squeaking noise like the sound of the brakes of a heavy vehicle being applied. A third was the coincidence of a sloping hedge and jutting wall whose contours in headlights at night or in the mist which frequently hung about the road during the day might be mistaken for a heavy lorry backing into the road.

And there was the police explanation. The cause of all the trouble, said the Chief Constable, was speeding by motorists on a slight bend on a road which was one of the busiest in the North of England.

Talk of the phantom lorry died away but was renewed six months later when a new series of accidents occurred near the same spot.

A six-wheeled chassis collided with a lamp-standard; a motor-cyclist was thrown over the hedge although no vehicle was in the way; a car collided with another although there was plenty of room to pass.

Two months later still a car driver who knew the road well crashed into the hedge. He had felt his vehicle veering to the right, he said, and was unable to control it. He could find no fault in the car.

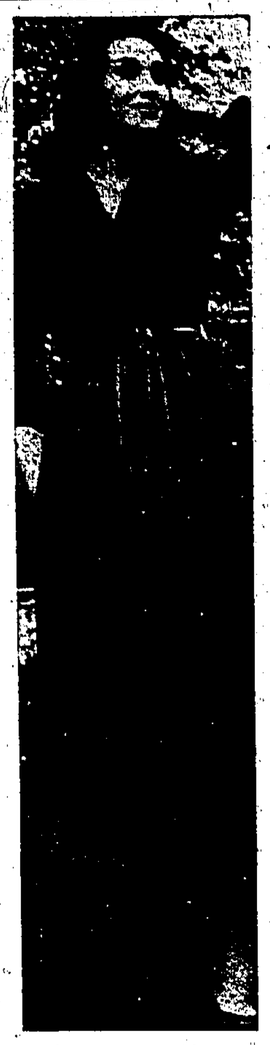
Police Watch

Two days before Christmas Day, 1930, a young Hyde grocer was found lying beside his bicycle 200 yards from the "phantom lorry" spot. He died in hospital and no one could be found to explain what might have happened.

The police put a constant watch on the road by motor-cycle patrols. They removed the wall and hedge which were said to resemble the back of a lorry at night.

Did they lay the phantom?

There are still accidents on the Hyde to Mottram road which is little changed from what it was in 1930, but there has never again been anything like that which happened there a quarter of a century ago.



PAOLA MORI: "I know how to cope with Orson."

THE MAN THAT I MARRIED

by Mrs Orson Welles

I UNDERSTAND Orson. I know what people say about him. Moody . . . erratic . . . . . difficult . . . wonderful . . . a genius.

"Act with him," they said, "and you'll be sick in bed with liver trouble. He's impossible."

Instead, I married the man.

You see, I know how to cope with Orson. You just make everything normal for him. I have watched him at work and I know.

The only actors who complain are the actors who haven't really got the spark. They are the ones who shake their heads and give me warnings. All the others find working with Orson a stimulating experience. He could make a potato act.

They shout

WHEN Orson is working he is tense. When something goes wrong he has to explode. It takes five minutes. I just go out of the room and wait for the explosion to be over. It is over so quickly—and then there is calm again.

Or else if trouble is brewing, then I sit back and knit and watch. Once, while Orson was fixing up a television deal, I knitted an enormous grey sweater for him. He said he liked it—on me, though.

I have developed a special way of dealing with people who telephone Orson. Sometimes they sound in a temper. They shout: "Orson must play this" or "Orson must go there and do that." I know that the man on the phone will upset Orson, so I say into the phone: "Sorry, Mr Welles is in the tub—the bath, you know. He has just drowned himself. . . ."

The man in the temper always rings off then—so there is no trouble.

Orson talks a lot—wonderful, exciting talk about every place in the world.

But Orson only talks a great deal in public if the people with him do not have very much to say.

We understand

ORSON and I understand one another so well that when we go out together we can sit perfectly happy in a restaurant saying nothing. That is contentment—not boredom.

I suppose it is because I was sometimes bored with myself that I became an actress. Playing other people gives you excitement.

I was born in Africa and later moved to Rome. I went to the American college there because I suppose I was a bit wild after Africa and the war.

Then I made a screen test and became an actress. I love acting and I learned a lot when I was acting with Orson in his film "M. Arkadin."

I want to go on acting of course. Maybe with my husband. It will always be exciting. It will always be the unexpected—the What-Shall-We-Do-Next?

It is not that Orson is abnormal—he is just supernormal. The secret is finding out how normal he is underneath the super.

Paola Mori



ON SALE EVERYWHERE
SPA FOOD PRODUCTS (F. E.) LTD.

SATURDAY SHORT STORY

IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

By HAROLD KOPS

AS he walked across the levelled bombsite towards the Church Hall David looked much like any other kid of the district, though cleaner than most. That is, from a distance. Closer inspection would have revealed a difference, which lay in his features, for, unusual for a thirteen-year-old, David bore scars on his face—the sort of scars which rightly belong only to manhood.

One gash, just above the boy's right eyebrow, not yet completely healed, still streaked a livid red. Another, on the right cheek, had healed more rapidly and now nearly toned in with the healthy skin around it. Further to mar the clear-cut features was lingering evidence of two recently acquired black eyes.

But nothing in the boy's face or carriage as he walked revealed that his soul, too, had been scarred. He held his head high; his stride was purposeful, manly.

The man standing in the doorway of the Hall watched his approach, his features breaking into a welcoming smile as the boy came up to him.

"Hello David," he said.

"Good afternoon, Padre," the boy said, respectfully.

"Been in the wars?"

"Yes, Padre." The boy smiled.

☆ ★ ☆

"'M. Fighting with Pepper Malone, eh? Tell me, why did you let him beat you like that?" The man measured the boy's build with his eyes. "You're manly enough, my lad," he added, almost reprovingly.

"I took pity on him, Padre," the boy defended — and there was an eagerness in his voice and an appeal in his eyes. "Honest, Padre," he went on, "I had him licked — one more punch and he would have had it! Then, well, somehow I couldn't let it go. His nose was bleeding and his lip was cut and — and I felt sorry for him. I hesitated and he hit me instead and I slipped and fell. Then he kicked me when I was down."

"What started the fight, anyway?" asked the minister.

"He called you — 'Angelpuss' and said we were 'Sunday School Sissies' and — and Padre, he said there was no God!"

For a few moments, the man was silent as he studied the face of the youth before him. Then he placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Wait for me after the lessons, David," he said, as he turned to enter the Hall.

☆ ★ ☆

Later that afternoon, Sunday School over, David sat in an armchair in the Vicarage, cup of tea in hand, while the Padre paced the room and spoke.

"You know, David," he was saying, "it has been said that when a man fights another he becomes two men—a big man (call him Hate or Anger if you like) and a little man (call him Conscience or Pity). Now if the man who fights has the beating of the other man, as he beats him, the big man in him slowly gets smaller while the little man grows bigger, until the little man is big enough to cry 'Stop' and then the beating ceases. You follow?"

"Yes, Padre."

"Well, unfortunately, in some men the little man never does get big enough to assert himself and stop the larger man. Such men are the beasts of the world—they don't know the meaning of the word pity. Pepper Malone may grow up to be like that if he is allowed to. But the Lord works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform and—well, we'll see. Personally, I believe there's quite a lot of good in Malone. He works hard and helps his father all he can. Anyhow, if you are ever forced to fight again, just let the little man in you stay little until you've finally won. All right?"

"Yes, Padre," grinned David.

"Right. Now let's say our favourite prayer together, shall we?"

Man and boy knelt down and intoned the Lord's Prayer. Then the stripling took his leave and went home.

For some time, Pepper Malone was not seen by the boys who attended Sunday School. Bully though the lad was, as the Padre said, a hard worker, and no doubt his non-appearance was due to the fact that he was helping his father sell fruit from his barrow. When his father had one of his frequent drinking bouts, Pepper virtually ran the business.

David had almost forgotten his humiliating experience at the hands of the bully. His scars had blended in nicely and his eyes were clear. Competently wielding a cricket bat on the bombed site, some three weeks after his talk with Padre Mike, he was just another happy boy again, the biggest in his gang and proud of his leadership.

The game was progressing satisfactorily with the usual "in" and "out" arguments. Then David hit a six.

For a six, the ball had to fall clear over the gutter on the far side of the road. If it smashed a window of one of the near dwellings facing the road, then it counted twelve, but the batsman had to do the explaining!

Now, as the ball soared over the "boundary," there appeared, as if from nowhere, Pepper Malone. Expertly he caught it.

Taken aback at the sudden appearance of the bully, the boys for a few moments were silent. The silence was somehow ominous. Then one, furthest away from the bully, shouted, not very courageously, "Give us our ball!"

☆ ★ ☆

"Give us our ball!" echoed the others. That is, all except David, who just stood, bat in hand, and glared at Pepper.

But Pepper only leant against a wall and grinned, tossing the ball from hand to hand making no move to part with it.

Eventually Pepper laughed, as if to himself. "If you want your ball back let's see you pray for it!" he shouted derisively.

The boys made no response.

"Go on, pray for it!" the bully shouted again.

Still there was no response. But now the boy at the "wicket"—an old flower-box placed end-up—laid his bat on the ground slowly and deliberately. He sighed deeply. Then, face grimly set, he walked towards the bully. The other boys followed.

"Give me that ball," David demanded.

"Come and get it," sneered Pepper.

For a few seconds, the two lads stood glaring at each other like two fighting cocks, the fifteen-year-old Pepper grinning, unkempt, having a slight advantage in height and reach over the other, serious and trim. Then David made to strike and Pepper came at him, head down, arms flaying. Neatly, David side-stepped and his left fist drove cruelly upwards to the bully's mouth.

It was a strange scene that met the eyes of the Padre that afternoon, as he walked past the bombed site. Not that there was anything strange in a circle of boys around two boys fighting—not in that district anyhow. No, what was strange was that these lads were so quiet. There were none of the usual yells of encouragement. Only a dead silence.

☆ ★ ☆

As the man neared the circle, he was seen by some of the boys on the outer edge. Respectfully, they doffed their caps and made way for him. None spoke.

The man's intentions were to march right through the throng and put an immediate end to the proceedings. But when he saw the combatants, he stopped dead in his tracks.

In the centre of the circle were two boys. On his back, lay a bloody-faced Pepper Malone and, sitting astride his midriff, with his knees on Pepper's biceps and Pepper's head in his hands, was David.

Strangely enough, while Pepper still grimaced defiance through the blood on his face, David, his face unmarked, was sobbing. And each time that Pepper failed to mumble after him, David banged his head on the ground.

But what was being said, the man wondered. He craned forward to catch the words and what he heard made him smile.

Slowly, the mumbling continued. In the dead silence the words could just be heard.

"For Thine is the Power, the Kingdom and the Glory," said David.

"For Thine is the Power, the Kingdom and the Glory," repeated Pepper Malone.

"For ever and ever," said David, a little more emphatically.

"For ever and ever," repeated Pepper.

"Amen," said David — and now the sobbing had ceased and his voice was strong.

But Pepper hesitated and once more there was a thud, as his head bumped the ground.

Then, "Amen," said Pepper.

David sighed as if with a great relief and rose. He made to give Pepper his hand, to help him up. But Pepper could not rise. He was out—cold.

☆ ★ ☆

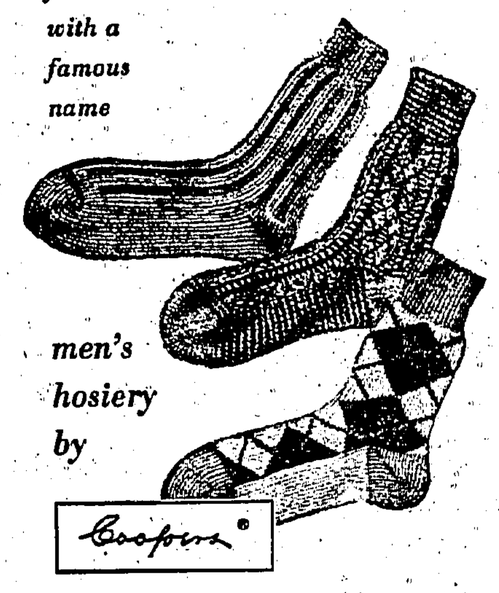
But a bucket of water, which appeared from nowhere, soon revived him. Only when he saw the boy rise, did the Padre walk slowly away, head bowed, strangely humbled.

Later that afternoon, from a distance, he saw David bowling to a bruised Pepper Malone and the ball soar for a six.

Amazing, he thought—truly He works in mysterious ways.

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DID IT HAPPEN

He must have been BURIED ALIVE

by Douglas Duff

• STORIES that could have happened—but could be just tales, the creations of fertile imagination.

• EVERY DAY there is a new story: It is either FACT or FICTION.

• TODAY a new personality of TV tells a tale—but leaves you until Monday to decide DID IT HAPPEN?

IT was in the early days of the Palestine mandate. I had just been given the Jerusalem Police Division and was learning fast that — among other things — Jerusalem was the biggest drawer of the world's biggest cranks.

After three months I thought I had met every possible crank variety . . . until that afternoon when Trooper Hussein Ali showed a pretty girl into my office.

She told me one of the usual crack-brained tales — said she was staying at a hotel near the Holy Sepulchre — it was before the great modern ones outside the walls were built.

Pair of hands

Her story was that she had been two days in Jerusalem but every time she closed her eyes she saw a pair of hands, thin brown hands with broken bleeding nails, tearing frantically at something immovable. I told her it was a doctor, not a policeman she needed. She said nothing — just looked a little more hopeless and shattered as though that was all the comfort she had expected, and went out. I put her down as just another of the Sisterhood — but she came back next day, looking very pinched under the nostrils as though she was holding herself in with reins. She was very taut.

This time I did send an Arab plainclothes man down to her hotel — tourist-dragomans think out some fairly cunning tricks to sell their services. He came back, reported nothing, suggested that the Frankish Sitt (that's Arabic for "Lady") was crazy.

Having plenty of troubles of my own, I forgot about her, until next day my bell rang summoning me to the District Commandant's office. There I found my lady crying very quietly in a corner, and the DC grim. He was tough. I have known few tougher. But the one thing he couldn't stand was a woman weeping. I knew he would have my head on a charger if I did not get her out of his way quickly. He told me to knock off all else and see to her. I got her out — if I hadn't done so, or if she went back, I would find myself on an extended patrol down the Dead Sea.

A check

I blethered reassuringly to her on the way back to her hotel — humouring a crackpot. At least she was easy to look at. I suggested we have a gin, and while we swallowed it she told me that the Hands had led her out of the hotel on the previous night, guiding her through a maze of lanes and alleyways, through a great gate, down a steep hillside, into a patch of giant cauliflowers and then left her. She had stayed there until an Arab trooper showed up and escorted her back to her hotel.

I did not credit a word of it, but not having the least wish for a fortnight down on the Dead Sea, I took her to her room, went back to the Citadel and checked the patrol book. It was right. Trooper Mohammed el Deeb HAD found a Frankish lady in a cauliflower patch on the slope of Mount Ophel, about where they have now built the big basilica of St Peter at Cockcrow, and had taken her home — at half past two in the morning.

We had dinner — she was a cultured woman, the salt of the earth and did her best. I suggested she might like to take me to the place where the Hands abandoned her.

She agreed, so long as she could walk with her eyes closed —explaining that that was the only way she could see the Hands. I asked if she went in for any of this psychic business, but she assured me that she'd never given it a thought. We started off, she saying that she saw the Hands beckoning her gently on — not scrabbling desperately as usual.

She took me along the top of Hezekiah's Dam, Christian Street, up through the intricate warren of lanes and alleys between the Haret el Yahud and the Armenian quarter, by the most direct possible route. That shook me. It had taken me over three months to gain a local knowledge of that maze when I was first appointed in charge of the Division. She assured me she had stayed all her four days in the hotel—she had been too scared to go out and see the usual pilgrimage and tourists' sights. Yet, in the dark, she was going straight for the Zion Gate.

The place

We went through, turned just short of the House of Last Supper and walked down the track at the foot of the City walls.

We turned off it where the Mount Ophel starts opposite the Dung Gate, and we were out into the cauliflower patches where the Siloam farmers used to grow their prize vegetables. She stopped on the steep slope and said that this was the place where the Hands had vanished. She looked around and found a handkerchief she had dropped the previous night.

I took her back to her hotel, not quite so sure as I had been about knowing all the answers. She seemed happy, went to bed. I walked back to my quarters in barracks—a long way from believing her, but very anxious not to be sent to the Dead Sea, as I certainly would be if she went weeping to the DC. Next morning I paid a routine visit to chat with the religious sheikhs at the Big Mosque, the Haram, the Old Temple Area.

I liked keeping on personal friendship terms with them—they helped a lot in the big Pilgrimage season. Over coffee I told them about the crazy lady and, to my intense surprise, one venerable gentleman seemed extremely interested, and asked me to take him to the cauliflower patch. When we got back to the Mosque he asked me to bring the lady down in an hour. Anything was preferable to having her go back to the DC. When we came down the old sheikh was waiting along with a gang of workmen carrying shovels and mattocks. Off we went, led by her until she halted and said we were at the place the hands were showing her.

Empty

In Christ's day the slopes of Mount Ophel were the fashionable part of Jerusalem, but today they are outside the southern walls. White limestone rubble, steep, dusty and deserted.

She put her foot on the spot to which she insisted the Hands pointed, and the old sheikh set the men digging. Two feet down they uncovered a stone slab with an inscription —the family sepulchre of the sheikh's family, as he had suspected. He said that they had lost track of it—the last burial had been away back in the days of Abuna, Barte, Napoleon—Arabs do not keep much track of years.

It was the usual type of sepulchre — a four square excavation, probably the basement of a palace in the days of Solomon. With rows of niches 18 inches square and seven feet deep, each meant to hold a body, their ends closed with a flimsy blockage of masonry. But on the topmost of the rock-hewn stairs, right under the slab, lay a tumbled skeleton—*a man who had died tearing at the stone above.*

The niche nearest the foot of the stairs was empty. The rubble wall was thrown down. The last man buried there before the tomb was closed had revived and had died try to claw his way out.

She was American, a Christian and a foreigner . . . 150 years later. That is my ghost-story without a ghost.

Satisfy you? Of course not. But I have more intelligence than to be a stubborn materialist. I just don't know.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES	NO

•Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday . . . when the answer will be given — with another story in this series by

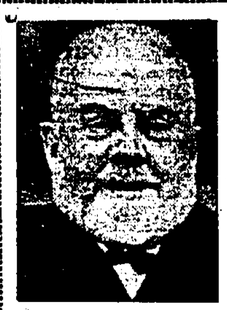
SPENCER CHAPMAN

•Did yesterday's story — The Hope of His Side, by J. P. W. Mallalieu — actually happen? Answer: YES.



Drawing by KOOLMAN.

She said we were at the place.



WHEN DOUGLAS DUFF took over from Gilbert Harding in What's My Line? last month, he surprised Eamonn Andrews (and viewers) by greeting a challenger from Cairo in Arabic.

This story is set in Jerusalem. Duff was a major in the Palestine Police.

At 15 he ran away to sea and was torpedoed twice in the 1914-18 war. He became a commander in the RNVR.

A world-wide traveller, he has written many adventure stories.

That other woman! If you ever find there is one moving into your husband's life, you can bet

She Will Be Just Like You

★

By ROBERT GLENTON

TO many a marriage—even the happiest—one day comes the glamorous spectre. The Other Woman.

Often she is a spectre indeed. A twinge of wifely jealousy, a belated husbandly homecoming—and the ghost has arrived.

And every wife can see clearly in her mind what that Other Woman looks like. She is a hard-eyed blonde with sluttish tendencies.

That is what wives say.

But, madam, how wrong you are! Unless, of course, you happen to be a hard-eyed blonde yourself.

Just look in a mirror. There's your husband's type. If he hadn't married you he would almost inevitably have married someone just the same.

Study the facts.

Two weeks ago Linda Christian wept as she obtained a million-dollar divorce from actor Tyrone Power. He should have wept a little too, for Miss Christian is beautiful. She has a lively, amiable face, large eyes, a large and gentle mouth, a squarish chin, longish wavy hair.

His type

BUT perhaps Mr Power is a little blase about such things.

He was married once before, to actress Annabella. She was beautiful. She had a lively, amiable face, round eyes . . . the mouth, the chin, the wavy hair.

You are not convinced? One marriage does not make a formula?

Regard the really heavily married men.

There are many classic cases to choose from.

Charlie Chaplin, who married, Mildred Harris, Lita Grey, Paulette Goddard, and Oona O'Neill.

One thing stands out clearly, Chaplin has a deep faith—unmarred by the years and the divorce courts—in the dark and languorous, the angel faced. He has indeed fallen for the doe-eyed look. He is so conservative that his wives even part their hair on the same side.

Contemplate the three Duchesses of Leeds.

The duke has at times married Marianne de Malkhazouny, Mrs Audrey Young, and Caroline Fleur Vatcher.

How alike they are.

They have all those traditional English looks which should rightly appeal to a duke.

Oval bright eyes, squarish faces, well - curved mouths, petite. Those are the Duke's ingredients for beauty.

Too trivial

CONTEMPLATE the marital career of that romantic diplomat Porfirio Rubirosa. After a marriage which lasted 77 days he has just divorced heiress Barbara Hutton.

A superficial observer would say of his wives that the greatest similarity between them is that they are from time to time awarded the title of "Richest Woman in the World."

For he was married to Doris Duke too.

That bracket is too trivial, for Mr Rubirosa has also been married to Danielle Darrieux. She is certainly not an heiress.

But when it comes to looks it is clear where this not-so-young Latin's heart lies. Vivacity, snub noses, and a halo of glamour.

Convinced yet? You should be. There is plenty more confirmation.

Madam, if you are convinced, don't be smug.

The way a husband clings to the type of woman he marries is not necessarily a testimonial to her grace and charm.

It is more likely to underline what a creature he is for punishment.

Never learns

I AM quoting the psychiatrist Mayo Wingate. "A man," he told me firmly, "finds his greatest attraction in a woman who is opposite to him in disposition and temperament.

"It is to be expected that women who are so alike in disposition should show it in the formation of their features. Even in their general physical attributes. A man will unconsciously associate the looks with the temperament. And so he will pursue the same physical as well as mental characteristics.

"If the marriage breaks up because she is a scold and a shrew he will marry the same type next time. He never learns. The attraction of opposites is too strong."

View the four cases I have quoted from the professional side of a psychiatrist's desk.

Tyrone Power is obviously a very tough character. His gentle wives prove that. Charlie Chaplin is touchy and rather nervous. He has a glossy inferiority complex. So he marries women who are firm, masterful and strong-willed.

The Duke of Leeds is shy and inclined to be retiring. His wives are vivacious, maternal.

Rubirosa—now there's a complex character. For him marriage is a battlefield. He seeks out highly-strung women with pronounced temperaments. They are self-willed, violent in their emotions.

Mr Rubirosa is, at the moment, free. But it can be predicted with all the certainty of which modern psychiatry is capable that if he marries again the organist should play "Stormy Weather."

Four cases, four men, and considerably more wives.

There are not at all different in their emotions from those which flutter in every suburban road. Fortunately for most folk, the emotions lie buried.

A certainty

ONLY a comparative few unhappy masculine wanderers try the experiment of leaping from one dilemma to another.

For every wife who speculates idly on The Other Woman the truth lies in her own reflection.

For every man who wants to try again, there is the certainty that he might just as well never have left home.

As Dr Wingate told me, "It is all rather macabre."

There's more of this being done than ever you would guess

A NEW NOSE

Reporters in London and Paris investigate a 1955 doctors' dilemma

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

BEAUTY-BY-SURGERY, the startling trend in medicine emphasised by today's Page Six picture from Paris, is facing British surgeons with the question: How ugly is ugly?

Like hypnotism, cosmetic surgery has suddenly become respectable. The number of operations is growing.

The surgeon simply needs to be satisfied that the patient's ugliness is causing severe mental distress.

But . . . how ugly is ugly?

It is legitimate to help a young man suffering from severe anxiety symptoms because his over-size ears have made him a laughing-stock since boyhood.

But is it legitimate to improve the ears of a girl who is simply unhappy because her defect is a serious handicap for marriage?

An appeal

And when a psychiatrist's report states that a middle-aged actress's suicidal depression stems from her rapidly fading looks — is a surgeon debasing his skill by giving her a face-life?

This dilemma has reached the courts in France, where Dr Charles Claoue, the Paris cosmetic surgeon who specialises in noses, is appealing against a fine imposed by the French Medical Association.

To settle the dispute, the Paris civil courts must decide whether a woman who goes to a surgeon to have her nose reshaped is sick — or not.

In Paris Daily Express reporter Joan Harrison went to Dr Claoue's surgery as a prospective patient. She sent this report — with the picture alongside:—

The whole atmosphere was rather like a busy store. Nurses and assistants running in and out — "which model would you like, madam — No, no trouble at all, madam."

I asked the 50-year-old doctor — who has reshaped the noses of French actresses like Martine Carol, Marie Daems, Dominique Wilms, and Juliet Greco — what he would do to mine.

He looked, felt, photographed, stuck plaster on it —and said:—

"A nose should be at an angle of 30 degrees to the face: yours is over 40 degrees.

"I would take a piece off the end, remove the fieldmouse look—you understand?

"But that would then make it too blunt and broad. To correct this I would then smash all the bones in the middle to make it thinner.

"Then I would straighten the bridge, which is broken. Your nose would then be all right but I would have to flatten out the line between the nose and the top of the mouth.

"Of course, your forehead is too high and one side of your face is higher than the other . . . ."

No, thanks

It all took hours. The measuring, the taking of pictures, the designing—and then came the mask.

Plaster of paris poured all over one's face is a suffocating experience. I had had enough. No new nose for this girl. I told Dr Claoue so.

He laughed. "One needs a very strong impulse to want to change one's imperfections. You have not the impulse, I tell you all that could be done to your face, and you do not care. No?"

He was darned right. I have never felt so attached to my nose before, fieldmouse or not.



Dr. Claoue to reporter Harrison: Your nose is 10 degrees out of line!

PICTURE SENT FROM PARIS BY JOAN HARRISON.

JOHNNY HAZARD — By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Most Unusual Outfit



This delightful beach ensemble in red and white striped linen is the most unusual creation in the Paris collections this season. The legs of the pants are of different length, the short one being covered with a half-skirt. Completing the outfit is a white linen T-shirt. By Ledoux-Sports. — Agence France-Presse.

A VARIETY OF LONG HAIR-STYLES

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London.

THERE'S no doubt about it. The long-haired brigade have won the day from the short-cropped girls. Fashion has moved away from the untidiness of the casual look, from the severity of the short cuts, from the "set" look of close, tight curls back to a natural style. London hairdressers have any amount of variations on this, provided the hair is long.

French of London—who claims that just as a milliner would not dream of selling the same hat two years runnings, he never offers the same hairtyle twice—says the fashionable length is just below the ears. Tight pin curls are out, and a smooth, sleek appearance is the one to aim for.

DECORATIONS

When I suggested that there might perhaps be one or two people who still preferred the short style, he gave me a pitying look, jabbed a pair of scissors in the direction of his clientele and said I wouldn't find a single short cut there.

He then showed me some of the styles that were to be found there, and two of them are pictured here. In one, he chooses a long hairstyle for those who have grown their hair fully and have no short ends left on the crown. Hair is long, but not unkempt, and lightly curled to frame the face. In the other, he picks a style for the girl-in-a-hundred who has easy-to-manage hair. It is pinned in large curls, then brushed into wisps — and will stay in place if chosen for the hair that suits the style.

But don't imagine that fashion has finished with you when you emerge with a new coiffure. These days hairdressing does not end with the new style, for decorations are also being worn.



In this asymmetrical style, hair is curled into wisps and brushed to one side of the face.

At French's, there's a choice between a raffia chignon, which is hollowed out to accommodate your hair and clings to your head with pins; an Alice band of three rows of assorted blue beads and pearls; or a colour streak of gold, bronze or silver brushed on to highlight the hair.

Raymond, who thinks hair deserves cosmetics just as much as the complexion, shows a variety of colourful rinses, but hastens to inform his clients that none of the rinses are permanent and all of them wash out.

DAPPLED LOOK

At Martin and Douglas, they are giving clients a long, feminine style. The suggestion that long hair was more trouble than short, horrified them. Long hair is just as easily managed, they said, if you have the ends lightly permed and look after the hair as instructed by the hairdresser. Hair must be kept in shape by brushing it in the direction in which it was set. Hairstyles should be natural. A woman should not look as if she has just emerged from the hairdresser — but paradoxically "the only way to achieve this is by going to the hairdresser."

In the effects department, they suggest white bleach used in streaks here and there to give a dappled look to the hair. "Prettiness" which has been rather out of fashion amongst the recent sophisticated styles is back again with soft curls framing the face.



A long style for those who have no short ends left on the crown. Hair is set in flat, loose curls.

A neat head is the first step towards good grooming. Time and money spent on it is well spent, for without it the effect of an outfit may be ruined.

Don't imagine that, because you find your hair difficult to manage, it is beyond help. Expert cutting and styling will usually do something for it.

For those who have their hair permed to give it the necessary body, here is an idea passed on from London. Many hairdressers now offer a budget service. For a down payment of ten to twelve guineas a year you can have your hair repermed as often as you wish and so keep your style without fuss.

another "Paquerette" honey !!!



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TEN RULES FOR GLAMOUR

You Too Can Be Beautiful With These Gimmicks

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London.

SOMETHING I just do not understand about women is the way they always want to hear the same thing.*

You'd think, from the number of letters I get about beauty, grooming, and the art of being magnetically attractive, that no one had touched the subject before.

Yet millions of words have been written about it—most of them as repetitive as a gramophone needle that's got stuck in a scratch.

Don't mistake me and think that the search for glamour bores me. On the contrary, I am a monomaniac about my appearance—spend *hours* at the mirror trying new cheekbones or a different parabola for my eyebrows.

It's just that I don't think there's much new to be said about it all. If you don't know by now how to exploit your personality, you can't be trying.

However, "in response to many requests," as the band leaders say, I've done a simple summing-up of what I really believe about beauty. Some of it's new, some of it's old, but all of it works.

I hereby present my Ten Tested Rules for being a *femme fatale*.

....SPEND A FORTUNE ON HAIR

SPEND more than you can afford on having your hair done often and well. Save on something that matters less, like the children's education.

Untidy hair kills even the loveliest face. Yet the English, smug, complacent, are content to be the worst-coiffed race in the Western world.

No need: there are many more good hairdressers than there used to be—out of London as well as in.

IN THE NEWS: Hair that springs off the forehead into waves. Every kind of colouring, from bleaches and dyes to rinses that last a few hours.

....HAVE MAGNETIC EYES

BEAUTIFUL eyes eclipse every other feature. With them, you can get away with quite a slabby face. Pile on mascara, darken your eyebrows, outline your eyes with a pencil if you can stand the pain.

IDEA THAT WORKS: Eye-drops before a party. They give an almost alcoholic glitter.

....UNDERSTAND PERFUME

PERFUME is the glamour girl's *vade mecum*. But better none than one squirt of a fragrance that's too cheap or too sweet.

EXCLUSIVE TIP: Lasting, pervasive, and elusive results can be achieved by the use of nothing but a good scented bath oil. It lingers on the skin from bath to bath.

....HAVE THE GOLDEN LOOK

HEAVY problem here. Summer sunshine on your pale winter skin looks awful . . . summer shine on a heavy make-up looks worse. You want a golden tanned skin that requires no powder.

BEST ANSWER: A clear brown cream that takes off the slug-like pallor, looks un-made-up, and lasts all day.

....BE REASONABLY SLENDER

STRESS "reasonably," because you need not have the skeleton measures of a model; many men do not care for jutting bones. But you mustn't be fat or walk with a waddle.

HARD FACT: A fat girl must eat less, there's no other way.

....HAVE A SOFT SKIN

A DRY skin is more ageing than any other factor. Some modern make-ups are drying; avoid them. The sun is drying; use a little oil as protection.

Hard water is drying: use a cream after washing your face.

WARNING: Take care of the delicate skin under your eyes. Once it sags, you've had it.

....KEEP IT UP, KEEP IT UP

IT'S the constant, unremitting attention to detail that matters. (Which of us has not run into the man we love the one and only day we have not set our hair?)

THE MORAL: NEVER go out with your nails unvarnished. NEVER let a perm go a week too long.

....GIVE OFF SPARKS

SICKLY, languorous creatures may have swept the board in other ages, but not in the 1950's. The Ava Gardners, the Lollobrigidas are electrically alive.

BEST SOURCE OF VITALITY: Sleep. A long night, a Sunday in bed, or frequent cat-naps, like those dynamic politicians.

....HAVE A PERSONAL GIMMICK

SHE has some trick that's specially her own. Such as always a big hat, always fresh flowers, always a veil, always pearls.

EXAMPLES: Valerie Hobson's long, never-cropped hair; Lady Mountbatten's short, never-lengthened skirts.

....NOT BE OVER CONSCIOUS

SHE doesn't think too much about her beauty.

You clean your teeth—but you don't think about them all day.

Same way, make up your face with love and care, and then forget it.

Practise every art of make-up, clothes, and grooming, and then get on with something else.

Well, that's beauty in 10 easy lessons. Try them for a month.

If at the end of it you're still not a femme fatale, I would cut your losses and go for something different.

After all, there *are* other interests in life besides men, I'm told.

*Such as: "Do you love me?" "I adore you, darling." "Do you love me?" "Yes, of course, dear." "Do you love me?" "I suppose so, but do shut up about it."

But the silly girl will ask him again.

FROM BARBADOS, BRITISH WEST INDIES, COMES THE FOURTH ARTICLE OF A SERIES ON HOW WORKING GIRLS BUDGET ON A £12 OUTFIT.

The All-Purpose Dress Gives The Answer

Barbados.

"BALANCING the budget" is one of the major problems of the white-collar girl in Barbados, British West Indies. On this sunny island, 21 miles long by 14 miles wide, the salary of the white-collar girl is far below that of her co-worker in other parts of the world. Why? Because there is no "equal pay" system for men and women in Barbados.

Her weekly earnings are between $20 (£4 3s 4d) and $25 (£5 4s 2d) and she may be living with a large family or renting a room with friends. She has, however, to subscribe her share towards her upkeep, whether it be family or friends. She works in the city—Bridgetown—and is perhaps from the suburbs or a country district so she takes her lunch in the city. She also has to set aside small sums for entertainment, holidays and if possible, savings. In other words, she has to watch her expenditure with an eagle eye.

Provide her with $57.60 (£12) and she can purchase an outfit which she could wear on any occasion. Her "special occasion" dresses are very few, therefore she concentrates on the "all-purpose" dress which, by the simple method of changing accessories, can be made to look quite different.

This is how she does it and still keeps the "new look":

Our white-collar girl gets a half day holiday weekly— on Saturdays—and during those free hours she takes the opportunity to do her rounds along the two main streets of the city. She is out to get the best for her money and therefore visits nearly every recognised store.

Since all her clothes are made by a local seamstress, the first item she needs is the material. As to the style for her dress, she chooses it from an imported fashion catalogue.

☆ ★ ☆

The material she selected for her £12 outfit is a crease-resisting spun linen in a very rich shade of red which is most complimentary to her brown complexion. She did not attempt to buy an off-the-peg dress for fear that the better part of her £12 would be utilised. The price of the material is $1.25 (5s 4d) per yard. She purchased three and a half yards costing her $4.48 (18s 8d).

The style selected is a sleek one-piece. It has a sleeveless top with a square neckline and inverted pockets in front. A belt of the same material emphasised the waist.

To trim this dress she purchased 1¼ yards of pretty white guipure lace at $4.00 (16s 8d) a yard costing her $4.80 (£1) and two dozens of rhinestones at 1s 6d.

Her dressmaker charged her $6 (£1 5s 0d) to make the dress thereby bringing the total cost to $15.84 (£3 6s 0d).

☆ ★ ☆

She next decided that a pair of white court shoes would be most suitable for this outfit and to complement her wardrobe, so she selected a pair with a heart design cut out in front. The price for her shoes is $12.20 (£2 10s 10d). Her handbag cost her $4.90 (£1 0s 5d).

A small white straw hat was selected by our wise shopper. The hat is plain at the back and has a halo-type front. It was chosen for its practicability and smartness. The cost is $4.00 (16s 8d). Her white mesh gloves, which are suitable for all-the-year-round purposes, she bought for $1.00 (4s 2d).



The Barbados business girl in her red-coloured linen dress with lace trimmings.

A set of rhinestone jewellery was decided upon as she had none of these in her collection. The necklace is a very simple short fitting design at the cost of $3.60 (15s 0d). The earrings are of a spray design and cost $2.40 (10s 0d). For the four-strand bracelet, she paid $6.50 (£1 7s 1d), bringing the total cost of the jewellery to $12.50 (£2 12s 1d).

She purchased a pair of lightweight nylon stockings to add to the outfit. These were tagged at $2.20 (9s 2d).

On totalling how much had been spent, our business girl realised that she had $4.96 (£1 0s 8d) left over after completing her outfit, so she decided to get a set of imitation pearl accessories which could be worn with most of her wardrobe when the rhinestone accessories could not be used. The single-strand pearl necklace cost her 4s 0d, the earrings 4s 0d, and the bracelet 6s 3d, a total of $3.42 (14s 3d).

☆ ★ ☆

Her bill for the outfit was:—

	£	s	d	$	c
Material, trimmings and tailoring ..	3	6	0	15	84
Shoes	2	10	10	12	20
Hat		16	8	4	00
Handbag ..	1	0	5	4	90
Gloves	0	4	2	1	00
Rhinestone necklace, bracelet and earrings ..	2	12	1	12	50
Hose		9	2	2	20
Pearl necklace, bracelet and earrings ..		14	3	3	42
Total:	£11	13	7	$56	06

After that she did a spot of cheating, for our busy shopper was still left with $1.54 (6s 5d) when she had finished her shopping in an 80 degree Fahrenheit temperature. So she sought seclusion in a restaurant where she purchased a hamburger and malted milk for 54 cents (2s 3d). Her next stop was the cinema to see a cinemascope movie, the latest in Barbados and this cost her 55 cents (2s 3½d). Once inside the cinema she purchased a chocolate for 24 cents (1s 0d) and was left with the handsome sum of 21 cents (10½d) for bus fare home.

— Tony Vanterpool

BEACH DRESS TO GO WITH BIKINIS



"Pampa", by Ledoux-Sports, is a short beach dress in colourful Mexican design. Worn underneath is a bikini bathing suit.—Agence France-Presse.



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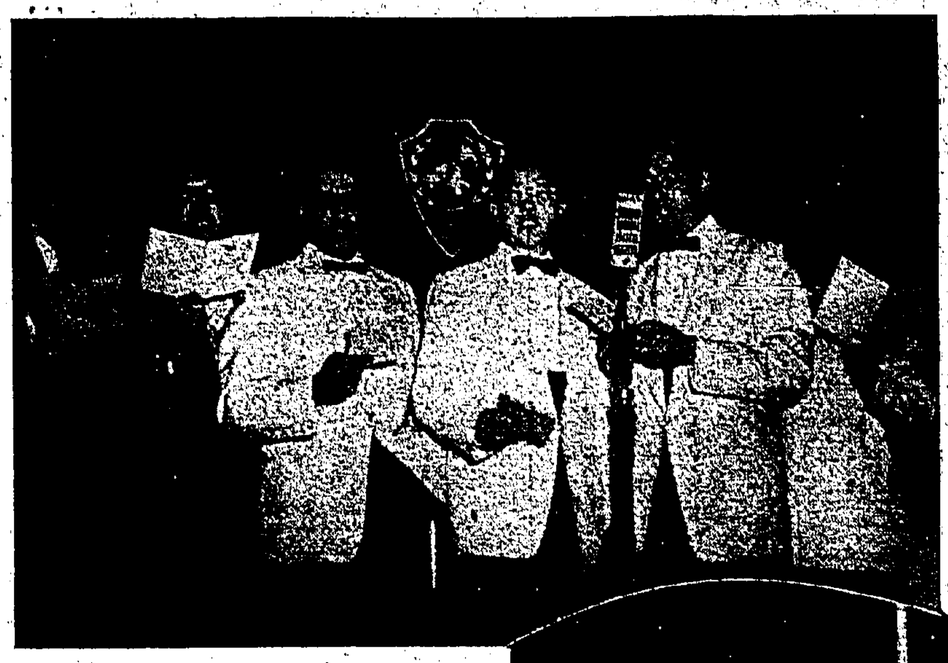
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J.T. 158



MESSRS Mok Hing-cheong, Jimmy Kwok, Mohan Gidumal, Rogerio Lobo, Russel Blando and Norman Yu singing the Jaycee March at the annual ball of the Junior Chamber of Commerce at the Ritz. Right: Mr Francis J. Chen, President of the Hongkong Chapter, and Mrs Chen seen with Mr and Mrs A. de O. Sales. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, waves goodbye to the children of a class at the Fanling School, which he visited on Monday on a tour of educational institutions in the New Territories. The Fanling School is a subsidised school which has been in existence for 50 years, and has an enrolment of nearly 300 pupils. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Miss Y. P. Kwok, the youngest student at the Fanling School, presenting to the Governor a model of the new school buildings to be erected this year. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Major-General J.C. Walkey presenting the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to WOII (RQMS) J. E. Humphreys after his inspection of the 54 Field Squadron at Tai Lam Camp. (Mayfair)

●

RIGHT: Messrs Chan Cheuk-ying, Cheng Chong-kwan, S.K. Chan and Chiu Sze-lim, officials of the North Point Kaifong Welfare Association, examining the plans of a proposed community recreation centre at a dinner party of the Association. (Starr Photographer)

●

BELOW: Prayers before the wreathlaying at Stanley Cemetery last Sunday by members of the Middlesex Regiment Old Comrades' Association, Hongkong Branch. Occasion was Albuhera Day, which commemorates the Regiment's victory in the Peninsular War. (Staff (Photographer)





BELOW: Miss Helen Keller, noted deaf and dumb social worker, receiving a bouquet from a girl of the Chinese Overseas School for Deaf and Dumb when she landed at Kai Tak on Thursday in the course of her 40,000-mile goodwill tour of the Far East. (Staff Photographer)





THE Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station, Vice-Admiral A. K. Scott-Moncrieff, seen with the AOC, Air Commodore R. C. Field, on his arrival at Kai Tak last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)







THE Rev. Fr H. de Angelis cutting the cake at a party given by his parishioners of Rosary Church to celebrate his silver jubilee in the priesthood. (Mainland)

●

LEFT: At two recent bazaars. Top picture shows Mr Chan Nam-cheong testing his aim at the Salesian School bazaar. The Hon. and Mrs C. E. M. Terry are shown, in bottom picture, at the bazaar organised by the 17th Kowloon Scout Group at La Salle College. (Staff Photographer)

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LEFT: Mr Ralph T. Reed (in dark suit), President of the American Express Co., Inc., snapped at a luncheon party given in his honour during his recent visit. On extreme left is Mr F. C. Bridger, Hongkong manager of the organisation. Mr Reed is on a round-the-world business trip. (Eddie Ching)





AT the charity premiere of the British film, "Front Page Story," in aid of the Council of Social Services. Seated with His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham at the Lee Theatre on Wednesday are from left, Mrs Violet Chan, Mr M. C. Illingworth, Mrs Tang Shiu-kin, Brigadier G. Gifford-Hull and Mr Tang Shiu-kin. Left: Two lovely young ladies who helped to sell programmes —Misses Nata Rodney and Cynthia Ma. (Staff Photographer)





SOME of the smart creations presented at the dress show organised by the girls of the French Convent School. The girls designed, made and modelled their own dresses. (Staff Photographer)





FRIENDS of Miss Margarida Aldeguer (third from right, front row) who attended a "shower" in her honour. Miss Aldeguer, eldest daughter of Mr T. J. Aldeguer, manager of Reuter's Ltd., is to be married next week. (Terry)







THE Procession winding out of St Teresa's Church, Kowloon Tong, during the celebration of the Feast of Our Lady of Fatima last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

THE Combined Chinese team which defeated the Combined Services to win the Victory Shield at Caroline Hill last week. (Staff Photographer)



MAJOR L. T. H. Phelps, Past President of St David's Society, was presented with a silver salver bearing the signatures of members of the Society at a luncheon on Thursday. Major Phelps, who is shortly leaving the Colony, speaking after the presentation. (Staff Photographer)



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WHY CHILDREN COMPLAIN AGAINST PARENTS

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

RECENTLY, on a television programme, I got in bad—very bad—with a mother. A question was asked about a child's holding his breath. I made light of the problem, because physiologically the chance of a child doing himself any harm with this trick is very remote; eventually his automatic breathing mechanism takes over and he has to breathe, no matter how angry he is.

Breath-holding is a favourite way for a child to get his own way, because he knows he can scare his parents and thus keep a strong hold over them.

My angry listener considered my lighthearted dismissal of the subject as very reprehensible—she told me off in a vocabulary rich in adjectives and emotion, all unfavourable.

This is the over-anxious type of parent. She watches over her offspring (frequently in the singular) like the proverbial hen with one chick. And usually the chick loves it because he gets away with "murder," as long as he can remain at the end of Mama's apron string. But that era soon ends. A youngster who is any good—and most are despite foolish handling—gets tired of being fussed over and then trouble begins. Or he gets out among other kids, and finds that as far as they are concerned, he's just the guy across the street and nothing special. Then he may be in for a rough time. The parental solicitude now annoys instead of delights him.

Edgy Spells

A survey among children in America, reported by David Dressler in a weekly magazine, disclosed three principal complaints which children held against their parents—bad disposition, erratic discipline and unfairness. Parents tend to expect too much from children and to be cross when they are "let down." They are concerned with troubles at the adult level and let their frustrations and disappointments out on their children. There are many families in which children watch their fathers on return from the office or the factory carefully before deciding whether this is the day to have fun or the time to "lay low." They learn to avoid their mothers as much as possible when things do not go to suit her. They pass the word in classrooms when teacher has one of her "edgy" spells. They complain with justification. "Why do they take it out on us—we didn't do anything."

Children's innate sense of fairness is outraged by unpredictable discipline, where the child may get a big punishment one time and a small one another, for the same or comparable offences. Or where adults laugh one day and call it cute and the next day for the very same thing, exact a severe penalty. It doesn't make sense to the child and why should it? It doesn't make sense to grown-ups, either.

Unfairness

Unfairness is resented by adults; why not by children? Too much attention and praise to one child, or not enough to another; letting one have privileges denied the other, laying blame without cause upon any child, particularly if one is consistently the "fall guy" for anything that goes wrong; these are the principal types of unfairness to which children take exception. And why not?

Children like to have their own way, as who does not. They try many ways to get it: by persistence, by playing helpless, by tantrums, by holding the breath. There is only one way to handle these situations, despite the irate mother who considered me an unfeeling brute for daring to suggest it. That is calm, nonchalant, good-tempered, inflexible insistence that important issues be settled right and maintained on that basis. But note—I said IMPORTANT issues. There will be hosts of minor issues where it is just as well to look the other way, otherwise you may get the reputation indicated by one child in the Dressler survey, who said of her mother, "She hollers all the time." Children develop a psychological deafness toward such people.

Without spoiling the child, a parent can and should insist on good manners in a calm but determined manner, and employ discipline where it is needed. And don't be afraid that the child's love will be lost, as long as control is exercised with justice, fairness, firmness, and good temper

Strawberry Chiffon Pie Is Easy To Make

By Ida Bailey Allen

TODAY we proudly present a new pie for dessert. It's new, even to the quick and easy crust, to the decorative fluted edge. And so-o-o easy!

Dinner

Cooked Vegetables and Greens
Salad Bowl
Ham-Macaroni-and-Cheese Bake
Quick-Cooked Cabbage
Strawberry Chiffon Pie
Oatmeal Cookies
Coffee Tea Milk

Strawberry Chiffon Pie: Make a 9" water-whip pastry shell. While baking, prepare strawberry chiffon filling.

Strawberry Chiffon Filling: Sprinkle 1 tbsp. gelatin over ¼ c. cold water. Dissolve over hot water.

Clean and crush 1 pt. fresh or thawed frozen strawberries, reserving 6 for garnish. To crushed berries add 2/3 c. sugar 1 tbsp. lemon juice, and ⅛ tsp. salt. Stir in gelatin. Refrigerate 30 min., or until slightly thickened.

Beat 3 egg whites until stiff. Beat in 1/3 c. additional sugar. Add strawberry mixture and blend. Beat ½ c. heavy cream until stiff and fold in.

To Assemble: Pile filling lightly into pastry shell. Refrigerate 4 hrs., or until firm. Garnish with 6 mounds of whipped cream, and strawberry "fans" made by slicing whole strawberries from the top down and separating into fan shapes.

Water-Whip Pastry Shell: Into a bowl, measure 7 tbsp. homogenised shortening. Add 3 tbsp. boiling water and 1 tsp. milk. Stir with fork until shortening is broken up. Beat with a fork until smooth like whipped cream.

Sift together 1¼ c. already-sifted enriched flour and ½ tsp. salt. Stir into first mixture. The dough will "cling together."

Work into a smooth ball. Press into a thick, flat round and place between two 12" squares waxed paper. Roll to a circle the width of the paper. Peel off waxed paper on top. Turn pastry-side down into a 9" pie plate; pull off remaining paper.

Pat pastry into pie plate. Trim edges, then flute, and make a design between each "fluting" with tines of a fork. Prick sides and bottom of pastry shell in 12 places. Bake about 15 min., or until light brown and crisp, in very hot oven, 450° F.

Trick of the Chef

Season ham - cheese - and-macaroni bake with oregano.



TRY THIS LUSCIOUS Strawberry Chiffon Pie to delight the family. Mounds of whipped cream and strawberry "fans" top it.

Keep Your Luggage In Good Condition

IT'S wise to be ready for any travel eventuality with good luggage of your own; keep it in good condition and properly stored between trips.

First of all, the care given any piece of luggage must depend on the material with which it is covered. No one type of cleaning is best for every type of material.

In leather, rawhide is the choice of many shoppers. It is usually white or eggshell, has brush-like markings at regular intervals. Rawhide can be cleaned easily with fine scouring powder, using steel wool for stubborn spots, working gently, of course. Re-seal pores of leather with several coats of clear shellac or spar varnish, allowing each coat to dry thoroughly.

Easily Damaged

Unprotected rawhide is candy to rodents, will mildew quickly.

To take care of smooth leather and pigskin in the tan or brown family, clean and replenish oils at the same time with saddle soap, according to directions on the container.

Lighten the colour of travel-weary leathers in this category with the juice of half a lemon in a glass of water. For large stains, such as those caused by water, darken the entire case with thick coats of lemon oil, applied for two or three days until the leather is all of the same colour.

To finish and protect after cleaning, use paste wax or neutral shoe cream, buffing well after each application. Preservatives of the commercial type sold under trade names are excellent.

Professional Job Needed

If scratches on leather are very deep, home care is not the answer. Take the case to a good luggage repair place for a professional job.

Alligator usually wipes clean with saddle soap-paste. Wax or car wax will restore the sheen. Coloured leather, grained or smooth, may fade, as do fabrics. Use mild soapsuds and a nearly dry sponge or soft nap cloth, rubbing very gently. Neutral shoe cream is the best polish.

Coated fabrics of the type that usually look like cotton, linen or other fabric which have been varnished, need their own special care. Some all-plastic material resembles coated fabric, so be careful before you begin.

Juices Form An Important Part Of Baby's Diet

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

JUICES from oranges or tomatoes are ordinarily an important part of a baby's diet. Both are rich in vitamin C, which helps prevent scurvy, a disease of the smaller blood vessels and bones.

After a baby is two to four weeks old, doctors usually advise giving him a teaspoonful of orange juice every day for about a week. Then, each week, the amount of his daily juice should be increased by one teaspoonful until he is about three months of age.

From this time, until he is a year old, he should be given the juice of a small orange, about two ounces, or one-fourth cup, each day. After he's a year old, he should have half a cupful, about four ounces, a day.

● ●

If tomato juice is used instead, the amounts should be doubled.

Some babies may not take orange juice or tomato juice. It might upset a few of them. If yours is one of these, don't try to force the juice on them.

Instead, he might be given vitamin C in a liquid or powdered form. Powdered vitamin C is called ascorbic acid. It is made in tablets which you can buy at just about any dispensary.

Odinarily, your doctor will probably advise you to give the youngster two 25-milligram tablets each day. Crush the tablets in a teaspoon of luke-warm boiled water and add a little sugar.

If the liquid form is desired, 20 to 25 drops are usually sufficient for the daily supply of vitamin C.

But even if your baby doesn't want orange or tomato juice, don't give up. Try the tablets or liquid vitamins for a few weeks, and then see if he'll take the juices.

● ●

As for tomato juice, you can use either fresh or tinned, providing it is not seasoned. Tinned juice doesn't cost much; it keeps most of its good qualities and it is easy to store.

You can give him the juice of tinned tomatoes, if you wish. But if you do, you'll have to pour the juice through a 36-mesh strainer before giving it to him.

If you use fresh tomatoes, be sure they are ripe. Wash them carefully in hot water; then cut them into quarters with a clean knife. Use a boiled spoon to mash them through a large, sterilised, 18-mesh strainer into a clean cup. Then strain the juice from the cup from a fine, 36-mesh strainer.

Household Hint

When you are washing blankets in your washing machine, wash in thick, lukewarm soapsuds for no more than two or three minutes. Wring out the suds immediately after washing, and rinse blankets three times in clean, lukewarm water. Never rub or twist blankets. To dry them, hang over two parallel lines so the air can circulate all around them.

For The Small Family



CEDAR SHAKES, vertical wood siding and brick veneer make a colourful contrast for the exterior of this house. High windows dot the front of the house, which gains interest with a gable over the living room-bedroom area, and length via the attached garage.

By Joan O'Sullivan

TWO bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and bath—it's a basic floor plan designed to meet the needs of the small family, and it's employed effectively for the two homes featured today.

Small and compact, the house shown on top of the page is a light airy design with an extremely good floor plan. The house is divided efficiently for living and sleeping.

Both bedrooms are at the right side of the house, accessible through a hallway from the living room. When the hallway door is closed, complete privacy can be achieved. Closet space is good in the bedrooms, which are separated by a bath.

★ ☆ ★

The front entrance opens on the living room, but the kitchen is just a step away, which will save wear and tear on the living room carpet, since it needn't be used as a traffic lane to the door. Corner windows are featured in the living room, and again in the bedrooms, making for very excellent cross ventilation.

The kitchen has plenty of table space and room for storage. Only a few steps away from the kitchen are stairs to the basement and the rear door.

All rooms are compact and there's a minimum of wasted space. All told, the plan comprises 17,335 cubic feet.

★ ☆ ★

The other design shown here is also a compact house. Every inch of space is utilised, giving dollar-for-dollar building value. Study the floor plan, and you'll see how well the rooms are arranged.

A covered porch protects the entry. Step inside, and you're in the living room, a comfortably large room with a top-to-bottom picture window across the front wall, small double windows on the side wall. Because this plan does not call for a living room fireplace, there's extra space for furniture arrangements.

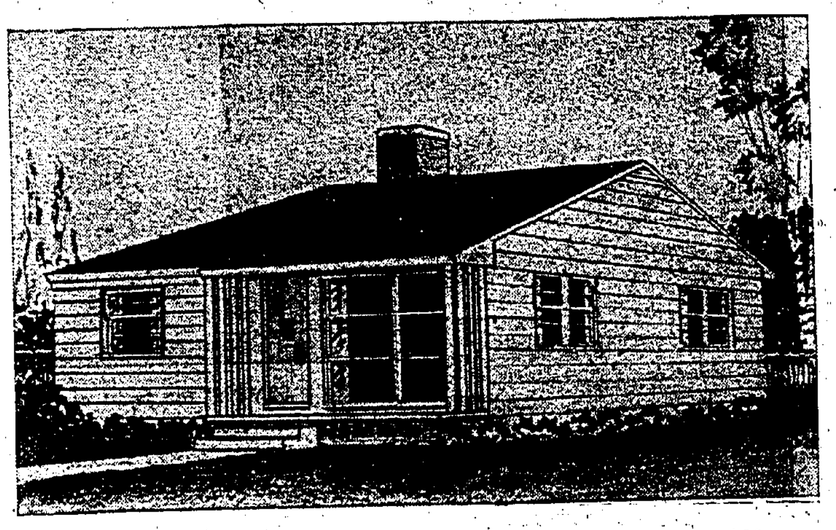
To the left of the living room, the kitchen allows for table space. A dining corner with one of those tricky fold-out-of-sight tables might also be planned in a corner of the living room.

There's plenty of storage and counter space in the kitchen. The sink is placed under a window, so there's plenty of light and air in the work area, which affords access to the side door and the basement stairway.

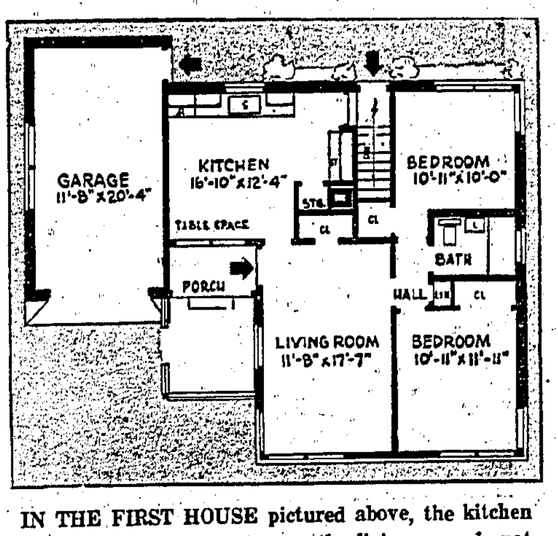
★ ☆ ★

Bedrooms are at the back of the house, near the bath, which, because of the compactness of the plan, is within reach of all rooms. Linen units are planned for the bath, while an all-purpose closet is placed just outside it.

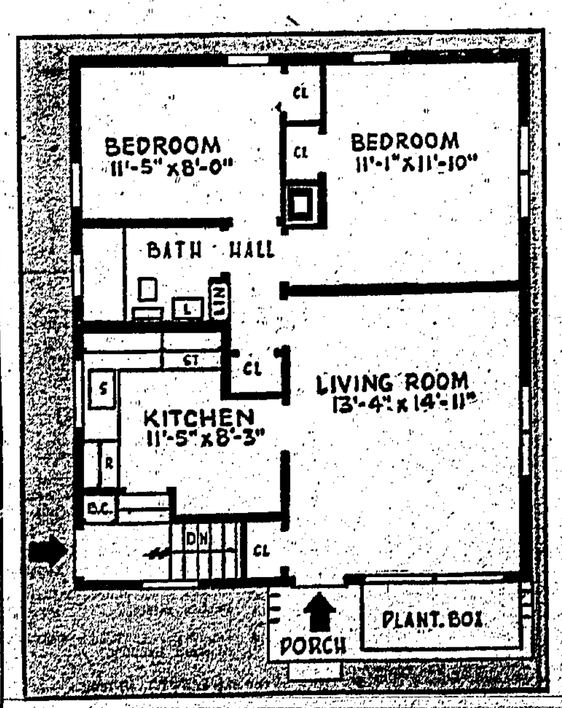
All told, the home, designed for a 40-foot lot, comprises 14,320 cubic feet.



A SIMPLE HOME for a country or suburban setting, this house has an exterior finished in horizontal wood siding. The two attractive trellises and a red brick planting box provide colour.



IN THE FIRST HOUSE pictured above, the kitchen is close to the front entry, so the living room is not subject to traffic. Bedrooms are on the right side of the house.



IN THE OTHER HOUSE, both bedrooms are at the back. The front entry opens on the living room. Next to it, the kitchen has a dining corner.

NEW DECORATIVE TABLE TOPS

By ELEANOR ROSS

THE stark simplicity and box-like design of contemporary modern has become yesterday's discard, so far as designers are concerned. And what have we today in place of the box-like modern that delighted so many moderns?

Novel Designs

Well, we have rich surface treatments, lushness, even sumptuousness and imaginative combinations of materials.

Tables are important, beautifully done, and one of them could just about make a room. Just think of the effect of a coffee table, large, impressive, graceful, with a top of jewel-like, iridescent leather in such shades as amethyst and aquamarine or a top of pigskin tiles.

Usually, these tops are used with beautiful woods in pale tones, and the results are really striking. Almost every table has a decorated surface; plain ones are out for the time being. Tops may be of two kinds of glass, frosted and unfrosted; of slate inlaid with brass, or wood with a copper inlay.

There is one line that includes, not just marble, but marble cut into blocks and arranged in a pattern that resembles a parquet floor. Then there is a top with inlaid brass strips set into the pattern formed by marble blocks.

New woods—new to furniture design, that is—share the spotlight with the old standbys, many of which are resplendent in new finishes. Mostly, the new finishes include the use of colour.

Among the new woods is something quite exotic—Indian crown tree wood, which has a teak-like quality. Then there is a real beauty, pearwood, with an exquisite honey-toned finish.

Leather is everywhere, used not only for all sorts of table tops, but for the sliding doors of cabinets, and over wood for chest drawers.

Cabinets And Breakfronts

There are new and handsome cabinets and breakfronts, all dressed up with new detail, such as facades of brass mesh woven like cane, striking, glittery, but not too much so.

Colour invades cabinets and chests, too, what with turquoise blue and a rich peacock blue. Where there isn't colour, there is much material interest, such as a thin line of brass that's set into mahogany.

Altogether, furniture is getting more exciting by the minute and it is going to be difficult for many a homemaker to resist.



SAIGON SITUATION

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HE COUNTS HIS FOLLOWERS BY THE HUNDRED THOUSAND... BUT HAVE THEY COME TO STAY?

How Healthy Is This Billy Graham Cult?

By PERCY HOWARD

UP and down Britain politicians are groping for a hearing. In pious blue, in strident red, the posters are prepared.

The halls are booked, the stewards appointed. Only one more problem remains. *How to get the people to come and listen.*

The question arises at an ironic moment. For—if only the parties dare ask him—we have one man now in Britain whose name alone could do the trick.

It is Dr Billy Graham.

This afternoon Sir Anthony Eden's car, marked out by decorous bills, will nose its way through the shopping crowds of Clapham and Battersea. The Prime Minister of Britain will be travelling to meet the people.

Three hours later Billy Graham will speak at Wembley. He will not travel to meet the people: the people of London will travel to meet him. A hundred thousand of them have already booked seats for that evening alone—more than may come to Sir Anthony throughout the whole campaign.

Sir Anthony, if re-elected, will bear our future in his hands. This election will mould great issues—peace, prosperity, war. And yet—if attendances at meetings are to be taken as evidence—the people are not greatly bothered. They are more interested in Dr Graham.

Should we condemn this preference? Of course not. Graham's own words are apt: "A religious revival," he has said, "will do more for peace than a Big Three meeting."

Conferences and meetings—who can deny it? — will be worthless without a basic change in men's hearts.

Yet is this revival really religious? Are these people flocking to hear the Word of God or merely the vibrant tones of Billy Graham?

There is sincere cause to be doubtful. For Dr Graham's purely personal appeal is great. Greater, probably, than he himself would wish. He has fervently disowned such powers.

'It took more than a mere man," he exclaims, "to persuade 36,000 people to answer the Gospel appeal. It took more than publicity to attract 120,000 people to one service. The Spirit of God is working."

THE GIRLS
They clamour

BUT some ask whether it was the Spirit of God which has brought three times more women than men to Graham's meetings; whether the Spirit of God has made teenage girls in London and Glasgow struggle to touch Graham's hand or his sleeve. They ask too whether the Spirit of God could have done its work through Graham if he was not so handsome and so tall, if he was aged 60 and called plain "William" instead of Billy.

There is, however, an honest answer to such questions. It is this: If Graham's youth and good looks win converts for God, then we can rest content. So great an end must justify the means.

The same is true of Graham's other methods. If Graham wins men and women to a finer life, then it becomes pointless to object to the way he wins them. We can ignore the flutings of his electric organ, the sales-talk of his team-mates, the Billy Graham hymn-books—specially covered, for Glasgow, in the Graham tartan—the winking lights at the control panel while he leads prayer.

If Graham converts sinful, puzzled folk to true Christianity, then we can, and should, overlook these lesser things.

Yet there are millions of thinking, practising Christians in Britain who hold that Graham's message is not the message of true Christianity at all. For Graham's doctrine—they say—edges close to the views of those who call themselves Fundamentalists.

The Fundamentalist believes that every word of the Bible is literally true. He believes that Adam and Eve were real persons, that the world was created in six days. And he believes that sinners will actually burn in hot hellfire.

IN CONFLICT
A new battle

THE Fundamentalist is entitled to his view of religion. But many Christians today have long rejected it. For them the barren conflict between religion and the findings of science has ended.

Now Graham's teaching threatens to open up the battle once again. His recruiting methods are ultra-modern; the recruits enlist by the thousand; but he equips them with medieval armour. He arms them with a doctrine which may only help them to stumble on the march.

A final objection arises. Are Graham's converts really converted?

Even according to Graham's own figures only two percent of the thousands who swell his meetings come forward to "declare themselves for Christ."

Of two million who packed his 1954 crusade only 36,000 came forward. And most of these were practising Christians already.

According to one survey 24,000 were regular churchgoers even before Graham arrived.

So, if we are searching for genuine converts, this small group already shrinks to 12,000.

The same survey also looked at how this dwindling remnant of converts responded to the kindly light of conversion.

The Billy Graham organisation, as usual, had referred them to their local ministers by means of special cards. How many were still attending church eight months after the great crusade ended? Again, more than two-thirds, even of this insignificant handful, had ceased to attend.

A vicar in East Finchley—who had organised coach parties to Graham's meetings—made this comment eight months later:—

"I received 14 cards. Only nine were newcomers. Half a dozen of these were schoolchildren; none comes to church."

But in one field Dr Graham has undoubtedly made some lasting converts. They are the bishops of the Church of England.

SUCCESS
It made a hit

WHEN he landed with his team last year Church spokesmen were cool, aloof, even hostile. Why—they seemed to ask—should this American showman come to teach us our business?

But Graham soon displayed one outstanding quality which appealed to them. He was a success.

When the throngs came swirling into Harringay the bishops decided that Billy Graham was no longer beneath them. Among the caps and trilbies, mitres came thronging too. Bishop after bishop came forward to make his decision for Graham.

Dr Wand, Bishop of London, decided for Billy. So did Dr Chavasse of Rochester. So did Dr Herbert of Norwich, Dr Martin of Liverpool, and the Rt. Rev. H. R. Gough of Barking.

Finally Graham ended with a great open-air meeting at Wembley. And there—amid the 120,000—warmly coated in the cold spring drizzle, sat the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, sanctifying the occasion with his presence.

What should be our response to the Graham Crusade of 1955? We should, I suggest, applaud Billy Graham for his skill as an evangelist; we should praise him for his intense sincerity; we should envy him for his efficiency and his capacity to fire enthusiasm.

And we should ask him one favour. We should ask him to let us work our own British salvation in our own unspectacular British way.

HOW BRITONS DECIDE AT THE ELECTION, NO. 2

WHAT CAN LABOUR DO WITH BEVAN?

By ROBERT MACKENZIE

FEW would have guessed, at the height of the recent "Bevan crisis," that the Labour Party could present such a bold and apparently united front to the electorate in this campaign. There may be a lingering public recollection of the ructions of a few weeks ago; but clearly the leading disputants are determined to do everything in their power to prove to the electorate that together they offer a united and coherent alternative to the present government.

There is not much doubt, of course, that the prospects of the Labour Party splitting in two were consistently exaggerated by the press during the Bevan dispute. These predictions completely ignored this fact: all concerned in the dispute understood with crystal clarity that no splinter group and no third party has the faintest prospect of electoral success in the present state of British politics.

It is true that the two Labour factions gave the impression of hating each other more than either of them hated the Tories; but it should also have been clear that each of them was more eager to exercise power (and to advance the cause in which they believe) than they were to drink the cup of fratricidal hatred to its bitter dregs.

MORE POWER

It may legitimately be asked, nonetheless, whether the Labour Party does in fact offer a coherent alternative to the present government. The answer is surely, yes; the same factors which have driven the party factions together in this campaign will tend to hold them together if they are returned to office.

Both factions are bound to realise that a Labour Government will survive only if it implements the highest common factor of policies agreed among its members. It will fall apart if any of its more important members attempt to bludgeon the rest into adopting particular policies with which the majority of the parliamentary party do not agree.

There is a further factor of great importance; it is too easily forgotten that the Parliamentary Labour Party in office behaves very differently indeed from the Parliamentary Labour Party in opposition. In opposition, the party annually elects the leader, deputy leader and shadow cabinet (or Parliamentary Committee). Policy is presented for debate at a "private" meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party before it is expounded on the floor of the House.

But when the Parliamentary Labour Party wins a majority of seats, its principal figures are no longer subject to annual re-election, the leader becomes Prime Minister and exercises all the prerogatives of that office. He disposes of 70 to 80 ministerial posts, appoints and dismisses ministers very nearly at will, and plays, if he wishes, almost as prominent a role in the affairs of the party as any Conservative Prime Minister.

The Parliamentary Labour Party no longer receives a preview of the detailed policy proposals of their leaders before they are presented to the House. The Labour Party when previously in office accepted the proposition that it would be unconstitutional if bills were presented and debated in the Parliamentary Labour Party before they were presented to the House.

All this means that there is a vastly greater concentration of authority in the hands of the Parliamentary leaders once the party has taken office. And there is this further consideration: to vote against your leaders in opposition may be to incur odium; but to vote against your leaders in office is to threaten to bring down your government and to precipitate a general election.

This is why the Labour leaders after 1945 were able to suspend the standing orders of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and to ride with a much looser rein. In the interests of freedom of expression in the House of Commons one can only hope that if returned they will do so again.

ABOUT BEVAN

Still, if Labour is returned there will be one really delicate problem: what will happen to Aneurin Bevan? One clue to his break with the last Labour Government in the Spring of 1951 has been largely overlooked. The two greatest offices of state, under the Prime Minister, had recently fallen vacant with the resignation through illness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, and the Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin.

Attlee had filled the two offices by the appointment of men for whom Bevan had little regard, each of whom were rivals for the succession, Hugh Gaitskell and Herbert Morrison. Bevan soon resigned in protest against an arms programme which he had earlier approved.

This is not to say that Bevan had not deep-seated differences with his colleagues on a number of major issues of policy during the lifetime of the two Attlee Governments. Bevan still takes seriously the party's declared intention, enshrined in its constitution, to bring into common ownership "the means of production, distribution and exchange."

Most of his opponents in the struggle for the leadership of the Labour Party are fairly clearly embarrassed by these texts which give Bevan an excuse for preaching Socialist fundamentalism.

It is no doubt significant that the word "socialism" does not appear in the Labour Party's election manifesto.

But it is a fair guess that Bevan would not have resigned in 1951 (whatever the size of the arms programme) if Attlee had made him either Chancellor or Foreign Secretary. This does not necessarily mean that Bevan is a self-seeking opportunitist. If, however, he had been given either office he would have taken another long step towards the leadership; and certainly, in the interim, he would have had vastly greater influence in swinging the Labour Party in the direction which he sincerely believes it ought to go.

SOCIAL WELFARE

If Attlee becomes Prime Minister again after May 26, how will he deal with the problem of Aneurin Bevan? From statements he has made in recent weeks it seems most unlikely that he will leave him out of the government.

Altogether Attlee may act again on the principle he adopted in 1954 when he gave Bevan a job which carried with it a trio of almost crippling burdens. He made Bevan Minister of Health, which, meant that he was to be responsible for the tremendous administrative tasks involved in setting up the health service.

And in addition Attlee made no effort to rearrange the archaic accumulation of responsibilities which then developed on the Minister of Health, and included, in particular, responsibility for both housing and local government.

It would look in retrospect as if Attlee had deliberately decided in 1945 that the wisest tactic in dealing with the Welsh rebel was to keep him so busy that he would have little time to get into mischief. On the same principle he might this time offer Bevan the Ministry of Social Welfare, which the Labour manifesto promises to establish.

But would Bevan accept? In this post his prospect of success would depend almost entirely on the financial policies pursued (presumably by Hugh Gaitskell) at the Treasury. It is difficult to imagine Bevan enduring subservience to his old enemy.

What about the Foreign Office? Clearly enough, Attlee would think twice before asking Morrison to return to a post which he hardly adorned during 1950-1. Attlee might be sufficiently daring to offer the post to Bevan, but it would be a bold move with startling implications for Anglo-American relations. On the face of it, it would seem improbable that Attlee would be prepared to run the risk.

Yet it is difficult to see what other posts would satisfy Bevan. And Bevan dissatisfied would prove a grave threat to the stability of a Labour Government with a narrow majority.

Attlee will face many other problems if Labour is successful, but this one is likely to prove the most difficult of the lot.

(All Rights Reserved)

Mr Mackenzie will sum up election prospects on the eve of polling day — read it in the China Mail next Wednesday.

AMERICA COLUMN

From NEWELL ROGERS

'GHOST' SHRIEKS SAVE FACTORY

New York.

BURGLARS broke into an electronics factory in Chicago and heard a man say pleasantly:—

"Good evening. This place is electronically guarded. You'd better scram."

There was a brief pause. Then all over the factory men's voices screamed: "Help! Help! Help! Police! Thieves! Burglars! Help!"

Women's voices shrieked: "Call the police! Help! Call the police! Help!"

Sirens wailed and alarm bells shrilled. The din was heard half a mile away. The burglars fled.

Paul Grossi, engineer for the company—which makes pocket-size tape recorders—said he and another engineer rigged up the alarm device "largely as a gag." The burglary attempt was its first test.

THE NUMBER of Congressional investigations started since 1951 now totals 452. In case you're interested. No. 452 is about polygamy.

Senator William Langer is running the investigation at Short Creek, Arizona. The town, centre of a dissident Mormon cult, is raided by police every few years and some of the citizens are gaoled.

MIXOLOGY, one of New York's proudest arts, is fizzling out. So the Bartenders' Union is going to have a contest for mixologists (bartenders). Prize: $500.

Says union head Jack Townsend: "We've got to develop new drinks to make the public come back. Many mixologists are losing their skill for lack of inspiration."

NEW MEXICO Red Indians have hired an advertising agency to drum up tourists for their tribal dances and ceremonials.

BILLS introduced in Congress demand Federal control of the distribution of Salk polio vaccine. State governors are bombarding President Eisenhower with appeals to get the Bills passed.

They are alarmed by reports of a black market in the vaccine, and adults being inoculated before children.

New York officials seeking vaccine for 281,000 children are told they must wait. But thousands of private physicians are getting the vaccine.

Some manufacturers are mailing it direct to doctors who are good customers in exchange for orders on other items the firm makes.

Another maker sent free samples of the vaccine to shareholders in the company.

SINGER Pat Boone's tune "Two Hearts" now outsells the same record by Frank Sinatra and Doris Day. It sets millions of feet to dancing.

Yet Pat is against dancing unless the couples are married.

On Sunday he preaches in a Texas pulpit against social dancing. He refuses to sing with dance bands.

FIVE members of a Harlem teenage gang admitted in court that they killed an innocent bystander while firing at rival gangsters in front of a sweet shop.

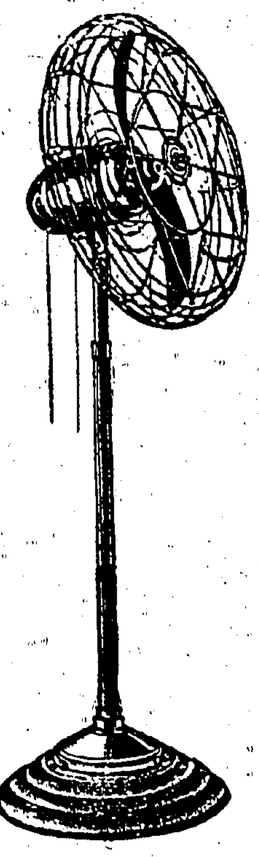
Two other men were wounded, one so severely that he lost a leg.

In Brooklyn, 23 young gangsters were arrested for vandalism and assault.

In the Bronx, police drove off young thugs threatening reporters outside the home of William Blankenship.

Inside the house his son lay in a coffin. He was shot dead by youths who mistook him for a member of a rival gang.

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There is nothing fore-ordained or inevitable about Tuberculosis. It is caught, not inherited. No amount of poverty, starvation or squalor can cause Tuberculosis in the absence of T.B. germs — no amount of riches, education or social position can guarantee protection in the presence of T.B. germs.

We can all help cut down the threat of Tuberculosis and the sorrow it causes in this Colony by supporting the Hong Kong Anti-Tuberculosis Association which is dedicated to the task of combatting Tuberculosis and has as one of its primary objectives, the provision of more hospital accommodation so that the sick can be cured and the germ carriers isolated.

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GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



"I repeat—
'Fifteen Wrens on the dead Wren's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of fruit juice to you.'"

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

GENTLEMEN WITH RAZORS? The end of Britain's "Teddy-boy" boom seems to be in sight. The news comes from just about the most reliable source on the subject—none other than the London tailors who create the exotic plumage for the country's teenage, spare-time dandies.

They report that the avant garde of the dance halls and amusement arcades are about to launch a complete turn-around in adolescent fashion.

No one is likely to be particularly sorry to see the end of the "Teddy-boy" era. For what started out as a sartorial fad developed into a social problem.

The name "Teddy-boy" stemmed from the fact that the devotees of the cult affected extreme Edwardian dress. The affectation started among the well-to-do young dandies of Mayfair about two years or so ago. But it was picked up and elaborated to almost incredible lengths by teenage dance-hall habitues.

The usual uniform—which often cost as much as £30—consisted of excessively narrow trousers, knee-length coats, highly-coloured and embroidered waistcoats, frilled shirt-fronts and droopy, tape-like bow ties. With this went chunky imitation gold rings and bracelets. And extremists even took to wearing a single earring.

That in itself was bad enough. But "Edwardianism" did not remain just a tasteless, harmless fad. Something seemed to get into far too many youths as soon as they put on their finery. Dance-hall and cinema managers began to report an increasing number of brawls involving "Teddy-boys," and there were cases of quiet residential districts on the outskirts of London being invaded by large gangs of them and terrorised.

Some psychiatrists took the view that this rowdyism was a defence reaction by the youths who felt that unless they demonstrated how tough they were ordinary folk would laugh at their outrageous fashions.

Now comes news from the "Teddy-boys'" tailors that the new trend will be towards the sober tweeds and casual elegance of an English country gentleman. And Britons with a taste for quiet life are hoping that there will be a suitable switch in youthful behaviour to match it.

* * *

ALLAH FORGIVES Malayan Communists were told last week: give in now and Allah will forgive you. This was the message that went out to Moslem bandits—a message commemorating the religious fast of Ramadhan—from Tuan Haji Hussein, religious chief of Selangor State.

Hussein's words fluttered down to bandits in jungle outposts. A hundred thousand pamphlets dropped from the air.

And Hussein implored them: "It is during this period that Allah most readily forgives our sins if we repent. Communism is the greatest enemy of Islam, which stands as a fortress to prevent its spread in Malaya."

PICK OF THE CROP For just 15 shillings a girl can take her pick from 1,000 eligible bachelors who will gather at Grevenblicht, Holland, in July for the third World Congress of Bachelors.

Just a 15 shillings entrance fee into the Congress, and there'll be a man for any girl's taste—from doctors, lawyers, dentists, clerks, engineers, men from Switzerland, France, the United States, Germany, Luxemburg, Africa, all of them over 23.

A hundred thousand tourists, and probably 500 lonely-heart girls are expected to drop in on the Congress.

And a girl will get every encouragement to find herself a husband. For a banner across the Congress hall will proclaim: "Bachelors and spinsters of the world—unite!"

* * *

JUST IN NAME Jammu University in Kashmir is just a name—it has no buildings, no students. But this week it got a campus. A few days ago, Kashmir's head of state, Karan Singh, Chancellor of the six-year-old university, donated a 120-acre orchard to be used as a campus.

And it looked as though the university might be getting somewhere at last. Three years ago, the Kashmir Government allotted a piece of land to the university. A foundation stone was laid, but within a few months the Government withdrew its grant—and someone stole the foundation stone.

* * *

BARE ISSUE Nudists in conference in London, discussing a new rule for their British Sunbathing Association, hit a snag.

The rule said: "Normal dress shall be compulsory at all meetings unless otherwise stated."

But they couldn't decide what "normal dress" was.

Said fully-clothed chairman J.M. Morton-Stephens: "Normal dress depends on where we are meeting. If we were meeting at a club I would say normal dress just isn't."

But member Hugh Shayler was adamant. Normal dress for nudists was undress.

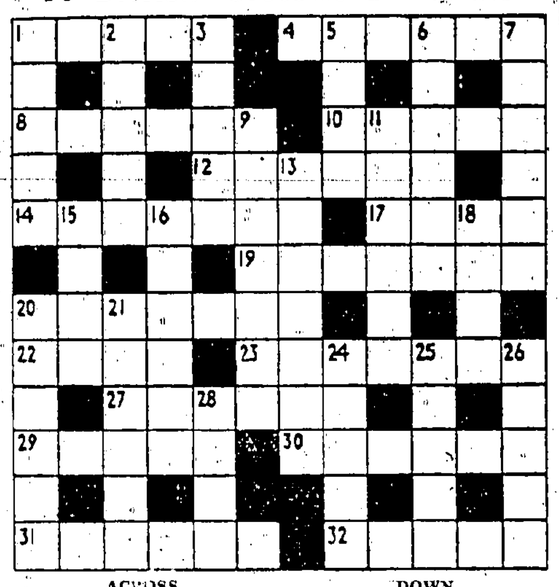
"This rule," he said, "would bar stripping at club meetings—a deplorable departure from our principles."

But it was a woman member, Mrs Dorothy Thornton, who had the last word.

Said she: "We must keep a sense of proportion. If we met at an hotel we wouldn't think of stripping off and popping about naked."

And most people seemed to agree.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1 Correct (5).
4 Current (6).
8 Made cold (6).
10 Superior (5).
12 Centre (6).
14 Ease (7).
17 Military body (4).
19 Voter (7).
20 Unsuccessful thing (7).
22 Girl's name (4).
23 Looks at closely (7).
27 Thoroughfare (6).
29 Torment playfully (5).
30 Stress (6).
31 Fears (6).
32 Scolds (5).

DOWN

1 Happen again (5).
2 Grumble (5).
3 Subject (5).
5 Sound of a fall (4).
6 Skilful (6).
7 Sufferer for a cause (6).
9 Varied (7).
11 Calm (6).
13 Expunges (7).
15 Vivacity (4).
16 Creeks (6).
18 Small animal (4).
20 Abstained from food (6).
21 Mad (6).
24 Extreme (5).
25 Unsuitable (5).
26 Despatches (5).
28 Peruse (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Matadors, 8 Term, 9 Delicate, 11 Prepared, 13 Tern, 15 Entresol, 18 Denuding, 19 Away, 21 Radiates, 25 Revealed, 26 True, 27 Solitary. **Down:** 1 Step, 2 Free, 4 Aver, 5 Avid, 6 Ovate, 7 Stern, 9 Dared, 10 Lemon, 12 Renew, 14 Range, 16 Sepal, 17 Lurid, 19 Acres, 20 Anvil, 21 Rapt, 22 Dear, 23 Tart, 24 Stem.

THE REPUBLICAN REVELLED IN THE COURTLY LIFE

So Dumas made her his wife...

ALEXANDRE DUMAS. By Andre Maurois. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. 192 pages.



BOOKS by George Malcolm Thomson

ALEXANDRE DUMAS was the Three Musketeers rolled into one, plus the Count of Monte Cristo and a score of other full-blooded children of his own fertile imagination.

He is despised as a novelist by his fellow-countrymen. Maurois, in his gossipy, compact biography, can hardly conceal the fact that his admiration for the exuberant Titan is tinctured with amusement.

Yet Dumas, alone among the great writers of France, has made a universal appeal.

He was the illegitimate son of a French general of West Indian blood who, having earned the dislike of Napoleon, was brought to ruin. The young Dumas inherited his father's Negro hair and immense physical strength.

Once he sent a clipping of his hair to one of the French West Indian Colonies, hoping that this would induce its inhabitants to elect him to the Chamber of Deputies. Once, in another constituency, he held an insulting heckler over a river bank with one hand until an apology was tendered.

Glass of gold

He could do everything with money except keep it. His amours were often sordid but rarely ungenerous. In his palmy days he kept a champagne glass full of gold coins on his desk so that any guest could help himself. Dumas had the kind of guests who would accept this invitation. When poverty overtook him the glass remained; but the coins were silver.

"I have never refused money to anyone," he would say, "except my creditors." Asked to contribute 20 francs to the funeral expenses of a bailiff: "Here are 40 francs," he said, "buy two."

He was a staunch republican who loved courts and decorations, an amiable weakness which betrayed him into marriage. Having imprudently brought his current mistress to a royal reception, he received the significant hint from his host, the Duc d'Orleans: "It is understood, my dear Dumas, that you could have presented only your wife to me."

Thus Dumas, against his better judgment, became a husband. His wife lost no time in celebrating this occasion by taking a lover. Dumas bore his betrayal, like his marriage, with equanimity.

It was rare that life found him unequal to its emergencies. Someone invited an artillery colonel to dine with him: "You will be delighted by his wit."

Dumas sat silent throughout dinner, whereupon the colonel said: "I am out of luck. You haven't said much tonight." The novelist replied: "Pardon me! But have I asked you to fire off a cannon?"

One night he went to the theatre with Soumel, author of a tragedy that was being performed. Dumas caught sight of a member of the audience fast asleep: "See the effects of your plays," he whispered. Next evening in the same theatre, Dumas was watching the production of one of his own plays, when Soumel tapped him on the shoulder, pointed to a man fast asleep: "You see, *your* plays, too, can send people to sleep."

"Not at all," Dumas retorted. "It's the man we saw last night. He hasn't come to yet."

Dumas wrote surrounded by a menagerie—three monkeys, two parrots, cat, a golden pheasant and a vulture (which lived in a barrel)—was punctilious in using blue paper for novels, pink for articles and yellow for love poems.

At one time, when he was paid so much a line for serial stories, he invented a character whose conversation consisted principally of monosyllabic interjections.

He was always willing to keep young writers by adding his own inimitable touches and his name to their work; he tried to persuade his eldest son, Alexandre, to join him in fruitful collaboration.

But Alexandre the Second meant to succeed on his own. This he did with a play, La Dame aux Camelias, based on a tragic love-affair. After a rapturous first night, the young Dumas telegraphed to his father: "So great a success I thought I was attending the first night of a work of yours." The old man replied: "My finest work is you."

"My father," said the second Dumas with an affectionate smile, "is a great child whom I had when I was quite small." The greatness and the childishness of Dumas burst the strings of Maurios's neat little biographical parcel.

★

MAJOR THOMPSON LIVES IN FRANCE. By Pierre Daninos. Cape, 9s. 6d. 192 pages.

IN France the Englishman is an invincibly comic character (pipe, tie, tea, lack of philosophical principle) although a modicum of respect accompanies the derision. For, if the Englishman failed to have a Great Revolution, he won the Battle of Waterloo (this is conceded).

His attitude to women may be hypocritical (for him, they are companions in the chase, instead of being the object of it), his political hatreds may be tepid to the point of complicity in crime. But he has an Empire, the Straits of Dover, governments that last for months and even years. And every French republican loves his Queen.

A wit

Still, the Englishman remains comic. For, in France only Frenchmen can be taken seriously.

But combining the two ideas of the seriousness of the French and the funniness of the English, Pierre Daninos has achieved a European sale of 300,000 copies for a book in which a fictitious Englishman, Major Thompson, living in France with a French (second) wife, puts down his views on France.

Daninos could hardly have failed even if he were a dull writer. He is, in fact, possessed of wit — almost enough for a book of 192 pages.

The English have taught the whole world how to behave properly at table; it is the French who know how to eat.

Abroad, every Frenchman comes from Paris.

France is divided into 43 million Frenchmen.

What they think?

Frenchmen gaze at women; Englishmen pass them by. A *femme du monde* is scandalised if she is accosted, but bitterly disappointed if she isn't. (A *femme du monde*, the Major notes, is "a woman who doesn't belong to anybody, not even her husband.")

The American pedestrian seeing a millionaire pass in a Cadillac dreams of the day when he will be driving in his; the French pedestrian dreams of the day when he'll get the millionaire out of it and make him walk.

The French have been flattered by the praise of this rough imaginary islander and amused by his absurd criticisms. The English may be curious to see what a Frenchman thinks they think about the French.

★

NO CITATION. By James Allan. Angus and Robertson. 12s. 6d. 222 pages.

WHEN the Beaverbrook Mission arrived in Moscow in 1941 it brought the hope of tank and aircraft to Stalin — and the hope of liberty to Corporal James P. Allan.

Allan had been captured by the Germans after Dunkirk, had escaped across Poland to the Russian frontier and after many hardships had fetched up in the Lubyanka jail in Moscow: "Russia was at war with Germany; Britain was at war with Germany. That makes us allies. Yet here am I, a British soldier, sitting in a black hole in the most dreaded gaol in Russia."

Until the day came when, no less bewildered, he was benevolently hustled from his cell to an aircraft outside Moscow and found himself bound for Archangel in an aircraft which contained Lord Beaverbrook.

"This boy's had enough. I'm going to send him straight home," was Beaverbrook's crisp verdict when he had heard Allan's story. Back in Britain the mission's special train was stopped at Carlisle by Beaverbrook so that Allan could go home to Wakefield. The corporal was awarded the DCM—without citation in the London Gazette to spare Russia's feelings.

★

Other Books

● **FLAMINGO FEATHER.** By Laurens Van der Post. Chatto and Windus, 12s 6d 320 pages. The great mystery of Africa and the lesser mystery of modern international conspiracy tied restlessly together in an adventure story. John Buchan could have managed the lesser mystery with a surer hand. Van der Post excels as the evoker of his own dark continent.

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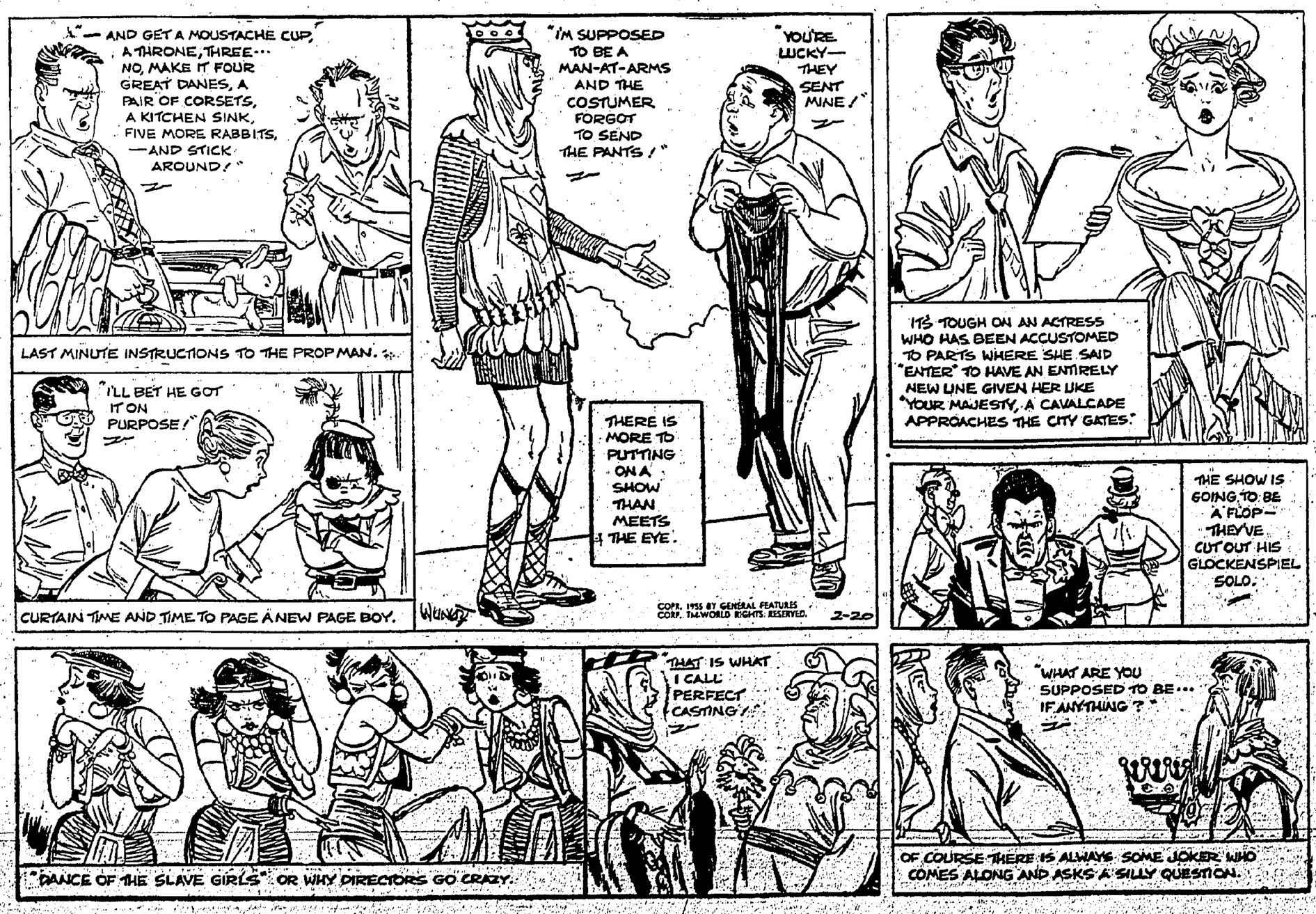
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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Home Talent Drama

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

General Election Broadcasts On Friday

Electors in Britain go to the polls on Thursday and the first results of the voting are expected to be made known at about 10 p.m. GMT. The General Overseas Service of the BBC will be broadcasting results and analyses from that time onward, and Radio Hongkong will be relaying the state of the parties at 7.15 a.m. on Friday morning.

More results are expected in other broadcasts at 7.45 and 8.15 a.m. and, reception conditions permitting, at 8.45 a.m. It is expected however, that conditions will not be good enough to relay programmes from London after this time and the next results therefore will be given in the 1.15 p.m. news.

Although counting will continue late into Thursday night, there is expected to be a lull between 1.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. Hongkong Summer Time, and Radio Hongkong will come on the air at 6 p.m. with an election report from the BBC, which will be followed throughout the evening by election reports, results and analyses.

It is possible that the final result of the Election will be known by 10 p.m., but if not, Radio Hongkong will stay on the air until the issue is clear.

RACING

The Derby, most popular with the general public of all the five Classic races, will be run at Epsom on Wednesday. There will be no racing at Epsom on Thursday owing to the fact that it is polling day, and the Oaks will therefore be run on Friday. Commentaries by Raymond Glendenning can be heard on both these races—on the Derby on Wednesday evening at 11.15, and on the Oaks on Friday evening at 11.20.

MUSIC

Sir Henry Wood, the great English conductor, has a lasting musical memorial in the Promenade Concerts which bear his name. The first of a new series of the concerts—The Diamond Jubilee Season—which was recorded by the BBC can be heard in the Sunday Conceret tomorrow evening.

The Concert will be prefaced by a talk, at nine o'clock, by Michael Ross, who recalls his memories of Sir Henry Wood, not as a musician but as "The Perfect Godfather".

The programme, which begins at 9.15, includes Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia for piano and orchestra; Kedaly's Suite, "Harry Janos", and Toccata and Fugue in D minor by Bach, arranged by Klenovsky. The conductors will be Sir Malcolm Sargent and Basil Cameron.

ORDEAL IN THE SNOW

Listeners to the programme "Buried Alive" at 9.30 p.m. on Tuesday will hear the story of a man who with a companion was separated from a group of Italian partisans and escaped prisoners of war who were trying to get into France.

Lost in the Alps in a blinding snowstorm, they took shelter under a rock. How their terrible ordeal began is told in this dramatised version of the real life experience of Alfred Southon and he himself will be heard speaking at the end of the programme.

The script of "Buried Alive" was written by Jerome Willis and the programme was produced by Alan Burgess.

WEDNESDAY THEATRE

A new radio play by R. J. B. Sellar, "The Snow is a Shroud" — based on Edward Leslie's "There Grows a Blade"—will be on the air in 'Wednesday Theatre' this week, at half past nine. The scene of the play is set in a farmhouse in the Penines at some period in the future.

England is in the grip of a terrible blizzard, and a political crisis has developed because of the threatened seizure of power by a New Party led by the dictator-like Maximilian-Smith. The dictator is involved in a plane crash near the farmhouse, the blizzard rages for several days, and the winning card that saves the situation which could have ended in disaster for England is played by Nature herself. "The Snow is a Shroud" was produced by Vivian A. Daniels.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 OLDTIME BALLROOM. With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.
2.30 GLENN MILLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Play the music from the film "Sun Valley Serenade."
3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Paula.
4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Alan Russell.
4.30 DINAH SHORE SINGS. Little Girl Blue; I've got a Crush on You; The Boy next door; Any place I hang my hat is home; Alone at a table for two; I can't believe that you're in love with me.
4.45 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. Produced by Charles Lefeaux. Episode 6: 'In London Again.'
5.15 BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA PRESENT LIGHT CLASSICS. Light Cavalry Overture (von Suppe) — Arthur Fiedler (cond.); Grand March (from "Aida") (Verdi); 1st Movement: Andante non troppo from "Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor, Op. 23" (Tchaikovsky)—with Jesus Maria Sanroma (piano); Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni)—Arthur Fiedler (cond.); Intermezzo (Souvenir of Vienna) (Provost); Brazil (Barroso); Malaguena (from Suite Andalusia) (Lecuona); Jalousie (Gade)—Arthur Fiedler (cond.).
5.45 GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET. I hear Music; Over the Rainbow; (Trio) Easy Livin'; I don't stand a Ghost of a Chance; So that is Cuba?
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda. Calling: 206 L.A.A. Battery 72 L.A.A. Regiment R.A.
7.00 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE." Presented by Nick Kendall.
7.30 "THIS WEEK." News, reports and interviews on some of the week's events. In and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Donald Brooks.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 PRE-ELETION ADDRESSES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY). Address on behalf of the Labour Party. By the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, O.M., M.P.
8.30 INTERLUDE: QUEEN'S HALL LIGHT ORCHESTRA. The Voice of London (C. Williams)—Charles Williams (cond.); The Runaway Rocking-Horse (Edward White)—Charles Williams (cond.).
8.35 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Brig Young. Produced by John Wallace.
9.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. With the music of Vivian Ellis. "Bless the Bride:" This is my lovely day—Georges Guetary and Lizbeth Webb (vocal); Table for Two—Georges Guetary; I was never kissed before—Georges Guetary and Lizbeth Webb; La Belle Marguerite—Georges Guetary; "And So to Bed"; And so to bed—Jessie Royce Landis & Keith Michell with the New Theatre Company; Bartholomew Fair—Leslie Henson & New Theatre Company; Amo, Amas—New Theatre Company; Love me little; love me long—Betty Paul and Dudley Jones; Gaze not on Swans—Madrigal—New Theatre Company; The Oaths—Leslie Henson, Betty Paul & Alan Dudley; And so To Bed—New Theatre Company.
10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. The King and I—Selection; Quicksteps; Shall we dance; I whistle a happy tune; Hello young lovers—Ian Stewart (piano) and his Music; O Mama Mama—Roberto Inglez and his Orch; Mauresciva—Xavier Cugat and his Waldorf-Astoria Orch. Carmen Castilla (vocal); Teenager—Wally Stott & his Orch; Derby Boogie—Willy Berking and his Orch; September in the Rain—Johnny Meyer with instr. acc.; From the time you say goodbye—Jan Corduwener and his Ballroom Orch; Red Top — Joe Hervey's Metronome Quintet; I see, I see—Hank Frowan's Atlantic Quintet; The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane; Mambo Italiano; That's all I want from you—Dean Martin (vocal) with orch. and chorus cond. by Dick Stabile; How high the Moon—Bruno Henriksen and his Tivoli-Orch; Jazz Me Blues—Dutch Swing College Band; Come back to Sorrento—The Flamingos; Catwalk—Wally Stott and his Orch; Tales from the Vienna Woods—The Vienna Broadcasting Orch. cond. by Max Gunther; Poeme—Orwaldo Bercas and Orquesta Tipica; So this is love—Joe Loss and his Orch.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. Flash; Back Beat Boogie; Feet Draggin Blues; Cross Country Jump; Crazy Rhythm—Harry James and his Orch.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
10.20 MORNING MELODY. Comedians Galop; Fiddler's Folly; Meandering; Paddle Boat—Queen's Hall Light Orch.
10.30 RELAY OF THE SERVICE FROM HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, H. M. Dockyard. Preacher: The Rev. J. A. Newman, RN.
11.15 ECHOES OF ITALY. George Feyer (piano) with Rhythm Accomp. Mattinata; Anema e core; Ciribiribin; Tic-ta, tic-ta; O sole mio; Luna rossa; Per un bacio d'amore; Oh Mari; Funiculi-funicula.
11.30 MORNING PROM. Fingal's Cave, Op. 26—Overture (Mendelssohn)—Carl Schuricht conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orch; Festival at Bagdad (from "Scheherazade, Op. 35") (Rimsky-Korsakov)—Boston Pops Orch. cond. by Arthur Fiedler. Alfred Krips (violin); Scherzo in Stile Classico (Carlo Alberto Pizzini)—Orchestra dell'Eiar di Torino cond. by Ugo Tansini; First Sequence of Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier" (Richard Strauss)—Anthony Collins conducting the London Philharmonic Orch.
12.00 THE MALE CHORUS OF THE ROBERT SHAW CHORALE. Juanita; Aura Lee; Wait for the Wagon—Donald Meissner (ten. solo); Lorena; Sweet Genevieve—Calvin Marsh (baritone solo); Li'l Liza Jane—Larry Chelsi (tenor solo).
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 VARIETY HIGHLIGHTS. Fit as a fiddle—Champ Butler (vocal); Kiss—Toni Arden (vocal) with Percy Faith's Orch; I should have told you long ago—The Four Lads (vocal); Moving away—Lu Ann Simms (vocal) with Percy Faith's Orch; Spring will be a little late this year—Sarah Vaughan (vocal) with Percy Faith's Orch; Glad Rag Doll—Johnnie Ray (vocal); with Paul Weston's Orch; There's nothing as sweet as my baby—Mindy Carson and Guy Mitchell (vocal) with Mitch Miller's Orch; Kiss me Again, Stranger—Doris Day (vocal) with Paul Weston's Orch; Just another Polka—Jo Stafford (vocal) with Paul Weston's Orch; Walkin' and wond'rin—Guy Mitchell (vocal) with Mitch Miller's Orch & chorus; Cheegah Choonem — Rosemary Clooney (vocal) with rhythm acc.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. The Kiss Waltz (Johann Strauss); Acceleration Waltz (Johann Strauss)—Franz Salmhofer (cond.)
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. La Princesse Jaune — Overture (Saint-Saens)—Albert Wolff conducting the Orchestra of the Opera-Comique, Paris; Variations on a Nursery Tune (Dohnanyi, Op. 25)—Cyril Smith (piano) and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Sir Malcolm Sargent. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Helen.
3.00 TAKE IT FROM HERE. Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards, with Wallas Eaton, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield.
3.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS.
4.30 "SWINGIN' AROUND" WITH PEE WEE HUNT AND HIS ORCHESTRA. "Somebody stole my gal; Easy Melody; Please don't talk about me when I'm gone; Ida! Sweet as apple Cider; The Varsity Drag; Spain; Swingin' Around.
4.45 "RED FOR DANGER." A serial thriller in six episodes, by Edward J. Mason. Episode 2: "GOLD ELEPHANT."
5.15 MUSIC IN THE RAY MARTIN MANNER. The Marching Strings; The Woodpeckers' Waltz; Blue Tango; The Waltzing Bugle Boy; Veradero; Lazy Cowboy.
5.30 THE PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA. Guest Artist: Jan Peerce (tenor). Coronation March (from "Le Prophete") (Meyerbeer); Intermezzo (from "Goyescas") (Granados) — George Weldon (cond.); Dance of the Young Maidens; Sabre Dance (from Ballet "Gayaneh") (Khachaturian)—Nicolai Malko (cond.); Song of Songs (Moya), Sylvia (Speaks)—Jan Peerce (tenor), with orch. cond. by Anatole Fistoulari; Lullaby (from Ballet "Gayaneh") (Khachaturian)—Nicolai Malko (cond.); Valse—(Glinka)—Nicolai Malko (cond.).
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 "MERRIE ENGLAND" VOCAL SELECTIONS (EDWARD GERMAN). With Patricia Baird, Marjorie Thomas, Alexander Young, John Cameron and Chorus and the New Symphony Orchestra. Conducted by Victor Olof.
6.30 SERVICES EVENSONG (CONCERT HALL). Conducted by the Rev. J. E. Burridge, CF., and the Forces' Choir cond. by Major Hind.
7.00 TIME FOR MUSIC. BBC Concert Orchestra. Conducted by Charles Mackerras.
7.30 PRISONER AT THE BAR. The story of the trial of Sidney Harry Fox. Told by Edgar Lustgarten.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 SONGS FROM OPERA. The Netherlands opera Choir. Grand March and Chorus (from "Aida") (Verdi)—with The Radio Pharmonic Orch (Hilversum) cond. by Paul Van Kempen; Procession Chorus from "I Lombardi" (Verdi)—with The Residency-Orchestra (The Hague) con. by Rudolf Moralt; Chorus of the Jewish Slaves from "Nabucco" (Verdi)—with The Radio Philharmonic Orch cond. by Paul Van Kempen.
8.30 LORNA DOONE. By R. D. Blackmore. Dramatised by Ronald Gow. Part 4: 'Lorna in Danger.'
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. "THE PERFECT GODFATHER." Some memories of Sir Henry Wood. Recalled by Michael Ross.
9.15 DIAMOND JUBILEE SEASON. Henry Wood Promenade Concerts—(60 Anniversary Concert). BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent and Basil Cameron. Overture "Rienzi" (Wagner); Hungarian Fantasia for piano and orchestra (Liszt); Suite "Hary Janos" (Kodaly); Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Bach-Klenovsky).
10.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
10.30 APPOINTMENT WITH MUSIC. Dusk Serenade in the Night; Moonlight and Roses; Star Dust; Evensong—The Melachrino Orch.
10.45 FROM HEAVENLY HARMONY. Masonic Music (Mozart). Die Maurerfreude, K. V. 471—Rudolf Christ (tenor), Vienna Chamber Choir and The Vienna Symphony Orch. cond. by Bernhard Paumgartner; Maurerische Trauermusik, K. V. 477—The Vienna Symphony Orch. cond. by Bernhard Paumgartner.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 THE EPILOGUE. (Sunday after Ascension). 'A great high priest.' When Thou Art Near (Bach); Toccata (Dubois)—Reginald Foort, F.R.C.O. (Organ). GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 DOUBLE ATTRACTION. Ray Burns (vocal), Emil Stern and his Strings.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR. By Sally Ann.
6.30 THE CANADIAN INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR (RADIO CANADA LARGE RECORD).
6.45 ACCENT ON RHYTHM.
7.15 "BOX 200." Bert Gillett at the organ.
7.30 STUDIO: LISTENERS' CHOICE. By Beth Campbell Smith.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 PRE-ELECTION ADDRESSES. Address on behalf of the Conservative Party by the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler.
8.30 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. A programme of Latin American music.
9.00 STUDIO: "OFF THE BEATEN TRACK." Presented by Timothy Birch.
9.30 TIME SIGNAL. ELIZABETHAN THEATRE. Written By H. A. L. Craig and R. D. Smith. No. 2—'Faustus, Thou Art Damn'd.'
10.00 STUDIO: "INTERNATIONAL CABARET." Presented by Denise Brabant.
10.30 COME INTO THE PARLOUR. Music from Northern Ireland.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Venezia E Napoli (Liszt)—Louis Kentner (piano). GOD SAVE THE QUETN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS. By the Very Rev. F. S. Temple.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND. With Jan Garber and his Orchestra.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED. With Carmen Cavallaro at the piano.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 BBC BANDSTAND. Band of Her Majesty's Life Guards. Conductor: Lt-Col A. Lemoine, O.B.E.
6.30 STUDIO: "FIRST HEARING." Presented by Alex Borrie.
7.00 STUDIO: STUDENTS' GUIDE (FINAL TALK). A series of British Council talks designed to help the overseas students. Read by Janet Tomblin.
7.10 SUNDOWN SERENADE. Prelude to Romance—London Promenade Orch.; Nocturne — London Promenade Orch.: Enchantment—London Promenade Orch.; Nightfall—Harry Sukman (piano); Theme Romantique — Anatole Kaminsky (violin) with Victor Young and his Singing Strings! I hear a Thrush at Eve — New Concert Orch. conducted by Jay Wilbur.
7.30 STUDIO: LA DEMI-HEURE FRANCAISE. Presentation de M. Laversanne. 'Education Manquee' (Chabrier).
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 SONGS AND DANCES OF THE NATIONS—UKRANIA. The Testament; Mowers went into the field; Ukrainian Suite—Alexandrov Song and Dance Ensemble.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: MUSICAL NOTEBOOK. Presented by the Rev. Father T. F. Ryan, SJ.
9.30 BURIED ALIVE. A true story of heroism and adventure based on the story of Alfred Southon. Produced by Alan Burgess.
10.30 AT THE BALLET. "BALLET EGYPTIEN" (LUIGINI); "LE CID" (MASSENET) — Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Ballade (Grieg, Op. 24) — Eileen Joyce (piano). GOD SAVE THE QUETN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. "Deep in My Heart" and "Magnificent Obsession."
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE. The BBC Midland Light Orchestra. Conductor: Gilbert Vinter.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: LUCKY DIP — VARIETY REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.
7.00 "THEN AND NOW." A talk by Bertrand Russell O.M. No. 2—'Some Philosophical Contacts.'
7.15 "FLEET FINGERS" (CONCERT HALL). Geoffrey Thornley at the piano.
7.30 "A LIFE OF BLISS" (PART 8). Written by Godfrey Harrison. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.06 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK—GRIEG. Cow Keeper's Tune and Country Dance (from "Norwegian Melodies", Op. 63) — Boyd Neel conducting the Boyd Neel String Orch.; Sonata No. 3 in C minor, Op. 45—Sergei Rachmaninoff (piano) and Fritz Kreisler (violin).
8.45 GYPSY NIGHTS. Gypsy Melodies—Veres Lajos and his Hungarian Orch.; Ritmo De Soleares—Guitar by Paco Aguilera & Andres Heredia; Fandango de Huelva—Chato de Malaga (vocal) and Guitar by Paco Aguilera & Andres Heredia; Czardas Rhapsodie (Maurizi)—Tibor Kunstler and his Gipsy Orch.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. RECITAL BY VERA RUTTON-JEE-DESIA (MEZZO-SOP.) (CONCERT HALL). With piano accompaniment by Isolde Ahwee. Cangia, cangia tue voglie (Change, o change thy fond wishes) by G. B. Fasolo; Connais Tu Le Pays? (from "Mignon") by Ambroise Thomas; Love in Spring by Gounod; Bird Songs at Eventide by E. Coates.
9.15 MUSICAL MOMENTS. Menuets 1 & 2 and Gigue (from Partita No. 1 in B Flat Major) (J. S. Bach) — Walter Gieseking (piano); Sonata for Piano in E Minor No. 2 (Haydn)—Lili Kraus (Piano).
9.30 WEDNESDAY THEATRE — "THE SNOW IS A SHROUD." A play for radio by R. J. B. Sellar. Produced by Vivian A. Daniels.
10.30 "SOFT AND LOW". With the music by Melachrino and his Orchestra. Why do I love you; Embraceable you; I love Thee; Yours; Lover; Two Sleepy People; Liebestraum; You were meant for me; Two Cigarettes in the Dark; Blue Room.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 RACING—THE DERBY (LONDON RELAY). Commentary by Raymond Glendenning, assisted by Tom E. Webster as race reader on the race at Epsom. GOD SAVE THE QUETN.
11.45 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 NOTHING BUT MUSIC.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 THANKS FOR THE MEMORY. A programme of music played by Carroll Gibbons and his Orchestra.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: JAZZ HALF HOUR. Presented by Robert Acheson.
6.30 STUDIO: PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.
7.00 SALON ORCHESTRA OF BUENOS AIRES. Conducted by Terig Tucci. Clavel Del Aire; Ay Mi Cholita; Vidalita; Senda Pampeana; Estilo Estilo Criollo; El Bigote De Tomas; Adios Pampa Mia; Pericon Por Maria; Salud, Dinero Y Amor; Enamorado; Serenata Incaica.
7.30 "MUSIC FOR YOU." Eric Robinson and his Concert Orchestra with Raymond Cohen.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 MASQUERADE SUITE (KHACHATURIAN). Richard Blareau conducting L'Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris.
8.30 "BOLDNESS BE MY FRIEND." Adapted from the book by Richard Pape. Produced by Alan Burgess.
9.00 SPORTS REVIEW.
9.15 AT THE OPERA. "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo). Nedda (soprano), Clara Petrella; Canio (tenor), Mario Del Monaco; Peppe (tenor), Piero Di Palma; Tonio (baritone), Afro Poli; Silvio (baritone) Aldo Protti—The Prologue is sung by Aldo Protti) With the Chorus and Orchestra of the Accademia Di Santa Cecilia, Rome, conducted by Alberto Erede.
10.30 ONE NIGHT STAND. Bunny Berigan and his Orchestra. I Can't get started; Trees; Jelly Roll Blues; 'deed I do; High Society; Black Bottom; Russian Lullaby; The Prisoner's Song; Caravan.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Humoreske Op. 10 No. 5 (Rachmaninoff); Spinnerlied (Mendelssohn); Prelude Op. 12 No. 7 (Prokofieff); Man Lebt Nur Einmal (J. Strauss)—Cor De Groot (piano). GOD SAVE THE QUETN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. MARCHES.
7.10 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.15 STATE OF THE PARTIES (LONDON RELAY).
7.30 TOP O' THE MORN. WEATHER REPORT.
7.45 STATE OF THE PARTIES (LONDON RELAY).
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 STATE OF THE PARTIES (LONDON RELAY).
8.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.57 REPEAT HEADLINES AND WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYERS. By the Rev. Father R. W. Gallagher, SJ.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 JOURNEY INTO MELODY. With Ray Martin and his Orchestra.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS. German Dance (Mozart, K. 605, No. 3)—Royal Philharmonic Orch. conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham; Concerto in E minor, Op. 64 (Mendelssohn) — Jascha Heifetz (violin) and Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orch.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

5.57 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.00 ELECTION DISCUSSION (LONDON RELAY).
6.10 CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR — "THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS" BY KENNETH GRAHAME. Adapted by May Jenkin. Part 7: 'Plots and Counterplots.'
6.40 CINCINNATI SUMMER OPERA ORCHESTRA. Parisian Waltz; Elite Waltz; Waltz from "Faust"; Peasant Waltz; Doll Waltz; Juliet's Waltz song; Flight of the Bumble Bee; Dodon's Dance from "Le Coq D'or"—Fausto Cleva (conductor).
7.00 LONDON ELECTION REPORT (LONDON RELAY).
7.15 STATE OF THE PARTIES (LONDON RELAY).
7.30 STUDIO: "TIP TOP TUNES." Presented by Jean. The Hits of May, chosen by listeners in their requests.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, LONDON ELECTION REPORT (LONDON RELAY).
8.05 GENERAL NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.15 STATE OF THE PARTIES (LONDON RELAY).
8.30 FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA. A Cigarette, Sweet Music and you—Glee Club & orch.; So beats my heart for you—Glee Club & Orch., Jack Wilson (vocal); Day In—Day Out—Glee Club and Orch., Jack Wilson (soloist); Remember; Besame Mucho.
8.45 STATE OF THE PARTIES (LONDON RELAY).
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: "FOR MUSIC LOVERS." Presented by Aileen Dekker. Liebesfreud (Love's Joy) (Kreisler) Fritz Kreisler (Piano); Little Bird (Op. 43 No. 1) (from "Little Bird" Book 3) (Grieg); Bruch: Concerto for violin and Orchestra No. 1 in G Minor, Op. 26.
9.30 LONDON ELECTION ANALYSIS (LONDON RELAY).
9.45 STATE OF THE PARTIES (LONDON RELAY).
10.00 RECORD ROUND-ABOUT. Paraguay—Tony Mottola and his Orch.; Sometimes I'm happy—Doris Day and the Mellomen (vocal); Melancholy Moon — Tony Mottola and his Orch.; Just one of those things—Doris Day (vocal); Donkey Doodle—Ivor Slaney and his Orch.; Where is the love you had for me—Tony Fayne (vocal) with Philip Green's Orch.; Happy go Lazy—Ivor Slaney and his Orch.; I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely—Tony Fayne (vocal); Capitano; Indian Giver—Eric Jupp and his Orch.; The Finger of Suspicion Points at You; Remember—The Naturals (vocal); Melody of Love—David Carroll and his Orch.; Bongo Guitar—Ralph Marterie and his Orch.; Joey's Theme from "Little Fugitive" — Jerry Hilliard (harmonica); The Dancing Cane—David Rose and his Orch; Get up them stairs—Pia Beck and her Gang; Kawina—The Zapakara's conducted by Lex Vervuurt, Eddy Buth (vocal); Just a little lovin'—Texas Kitty (vocal); Mario Dolores—Thom Kelling (guitar & vocal); Pretty Eyed Baby—Pia Beck and Her Gang (with vocal); Emelina — The Zapakara's conducted by Lex Vervuurt; New Mule Skinners Blues — Texas Kitty (vocal); Mario Christina Me Quiere Gobernar — Thom Kelling (guitar & vocal).
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 INTERLUDE. The Seafarer (Pt. 2) (Haydn Wood)—New Concert Orch. conducted by Richard Crean.
11.20 RACING — "THE OAKS" (LONDON RELAY). A recorded commentary by Raymond Glendenning, assisted by Tom E. Webster as race reader on the race at Epsom. GOD SAVE THE QUETN.
11.40 CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.715 Mc/s, 16.93m)

SATURDAY, MAY 21

6.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.40 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
6.45 FRED HARTLEY And his music.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 'THE SHOW GOES ON.' A high-speed entertainment from the North of England.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 THE DEBATE CONTINUES.
8.30 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
8.35 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
9.15 Cricket MCC v THE SOUTH AFRICANS.
9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 FUNFARE.
11.45 Cricket MCC v THE SOUTH AFRICANS.

SUNDAY, MAY 22

6.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 IN TOWN TONIGHT.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 Inauguration of the NEW ANGLICAN PROVINCE OF CENTRAL AFRICA. Recordings of the Inauguration Service held in the Cathedral of St Mary and All Saints, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 BOOKS TO READ.
8.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
9.00 JOURNEY INTO MELODY.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 FOR CHILDREN 'Once Upon a Time...' Stories from Hans Christian Andersen.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 CONCERTO. Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor (K.491) by Mozart played by Natasha Litvin and the BBC Scottish Orchestra.

MONDAY, MAY 23

6.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 COLLECTOR'S PIECES.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in 'LIFE WITH THE LYONS.'
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 MONTMARTRE PLAYERS.
8.30 MUSIC FOR DANCING.
9.15 Cricket MCC v THE SOUTH AFRICANS.
9.30 D. A. Clarke-Smith and Andrew Faulds in 'FERDINAND LOPEZ.' Adapted as a serial in twelve episodes by H. Oldfield Box from Anthony Trollope's novel 'The Prime Minister'. Episode Three.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 GRAND HOTEL.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 'TAKE IT FROM HERE.'
11.45 LISBON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

TUESDAY, MAY 24

6.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 'FORGOTTEN MEN.' 'Little Johnston.' A radio biography of Sir Harry Johnston, the founder of Nyasaland.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 COMMONWEALTH CLUB.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SCIENCE REVIEW.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 MONTMARTRE PLAYERS.
9.15 Cricket MCC v THE SOUTH AFRICANS.
9.30 SEMPRINI. At the piano.
9.45 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 NEW RECORDS.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 From the Third Programme 'CAN DEMOCRACY BE TOTALITARIAN?' By Z. A. Pelczynski, Lecturer in Politics, Trinity College, Oxford.
11.45 DANCE MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

6.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.40 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
6.45 THE ARCHERS. A story of country folk.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 THE ORGAN OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS. A recital by Sir William McKie from the workshops where the organ is being prepared.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 Sam Pollock REPORTS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 STAR BILL. Presenting the best in Britain's Show Business.
9.30 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
9.45 WORK AND WORSHIP. 'The Free Churches of Britain' A talk by the Rev. H. T. Wigley.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 BBC MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Racing THE DERBY. A commentary by Raymond Glendenning, assisted by Tom E. Webster as race-reader, on the race at Epsom.
11.45 'MY GUESS WOULD BE MURDER.' A radio play by Anthony Gilbert.

THURSDAY, MAY 26

6.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.40 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
6.45 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 FOCUS ON THE GENERAL ELECTION.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 MID-WEEK TALK.
8.30 SIR GEORGE DYSON. Introduces a recital by M. Iseiwitsch (piano).
9.15 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
9.30 WELSH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 GOLD IN THE STREET. The story of Hatton Garden.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.

FRIDAY, MAY 27

6.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 RADIO NEWSREEL.
7.00 ELECTION REPORT.
7.15 STATE OF THE PARTIES.
7.30 ELECTION ANALYSIS.
7.45 STATE OF THE PARTIES.
8.00 ELECTION REPORT.
8.05 GENERAL NEWS.
8.15 STATE OF THE PARTIES.
8.30 ELECTION ANALYSIS.
8.45 STATE OF THE PARTIES.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 COMMONWEALTH OF SONG.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.20 Racing THE OAKS. A recorded commentary by Raymond Glendenning, assisted by Tom E. Webster as race-reader, on the races at Epsom.
11.45 DANCE MUSIC.

FERD'NAND — By Mik





"THE JAM THAT MADE TASMANIA FAMOUS"

DANCE & POPULAR
33-1/3 RPM LONG PLAYING RECORDS

VAUGHN MONROE SINGS
Without a Song — Oh, Promise me — The Wiffenpoof Song — The Moon was Yellow — Because — Anniversary Song — Begin the Beguine — Something Sentimental — All the Things You Are

CARMEN CAVALLARO
Lovely to Look at — You are the Cream in my Coffee — You are my Lucky Star — You are a Little Headache, & others

TWO TONED PIANO RECITAL PLAYED BY HAZEL SCOTT
I guess I'll have to Change my Plan — How High the Moon — A Rainy Night in G — Idyll Waltz in C sharp minor — Fantaisie Impromptu

THE RICO MAMBO ORCHESTRA
Mambos specially recommended for dancing

TEA TIME DANCING
With Jerry Mengo — Tito Fuggi — Noel Chiboust

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THE SOCCER SEASON IN RETROSPECT

THE PREMIER HONOURS WENT TO THE TEAM THAT DESERVED THEM MOST

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

It is appropriate that in this hot humid weather I should be writing my seasonal 'Au revoir' to affairs of football. The normal season is now over and although our good friends in the Chinese community will be carrying on for a few extra weeks I think this is the ideal time to glance back over the season and see how the salient features look in retrospect.

The immediate thought that comes to mind is that the premier honours went to the team that deserved them most. No side ever really came within a mile of South China in efficient team work, or in the individual brilliance of its players. With very few exceptions they held all the aces. They had the skill, the determination and the Midas touch that time and time again turned half a chance into a vital golden goal.

In Tong Sheung, Ho Cheung-yau and Yiu Cheuk-yin they had three brilliant players who were —individually or in concert— capable of turning the whole course of a game with a flash of genius, or a touch of inspiration that left the opposition flat footed.

The public acclamation of Tong Sheung in his election to the top of the 'Footballer of the Year' poll was fitting reward for some great football from a still greater sportsman. Many folks will doubtless want to regard the nomination as a reward for ability but I believe it is probably even more an acknowledgment for his impeccable conduct, his ready smile, and his unswerving adherence to the rules as they were meant to be interpreted.

Since the announcement in the 'China Mail' last Saturday that Tong Sheung was top of the poll I have not heard a single contrary opinion, and it is fitting that the public should take this timely opportunity to put the seal on his career for he is to be married this month and there is no doubt that the trophy that goes with his nomination will have a special place in his favoured possessions.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Looking back over the season's activities I think that the outstanding domestic achievements of players were the sustained brilliance of Ho Cheung-yau, the speed of Yeung Wai-to, the ever maturing play of Lau Tim, the progress of Morris, the great hearted play of Moss and the unusual versatility of little Chan Chi-kong.

In a team sense—apart from South China of course—we shall remember most the way the ageing Kitchee side sustained its league challenge right up to the closing days of the season. We shall recall too how Sing Tao, after an indifferent start, struck top form and raced to the forefront in the league race, and on a different note we shall remember how the European sides failed to offer any real challenge to the brilliant Chinese.

When we think of things international there will be pleasure in our thoughts as we dwell for a moment or two on the thrilling opposition our representatives put against some of the most famous club sides in the world....AIK from Sweden.....the wonderful Grasshoppers from Switzerland ....and of course the Admira Club from Austria. These established outfits found Hongkong soccer healthy and virile, and just as we took satisfaction from the play of our men, the visitors no doubt took away with them an appreciation that Colony football is ready to take its rightful place in international affairs.

Our near neighbours from Malaya and Macao also felt the power of our play and suffered defeat at our hands.

There are those who would decry our progress and underestimate the standard of our football but taking the season as a guide there is every reason to feel satisfied that our performances on the field of play gives the lie to both points of view.

St Joseph's made a refreshing contribution to the game by bringing many of the Macao stars into their team. Early in the season they got many points and a lot of harsh criticism.

The criticism came when several opponents received bad injuries but the Saints weathered the storm, toned down their play, and for a time were one of the most popular and attractive outfits in the competition. They suffered a bad blow when brilliant Augusto Rocha left for Portugal for after his departure they never quite touched the same great heights and slipped down the league.

INDIFFERENT SEASON

The Army had an indifferent season which was in large measure due to instability in the team. Comings and goings frequently upset the balance of the side and although some fine players passed through the line-up there were always weaknesses in the side. The loss in a few months of men like Robson, Ellis, Wallace, Stonehouse, Hewitt, Middleton, Riley and Higgins made team-building a difficult task.

The Royal Air Force made a poor start to the season but there were real indications in the closing weeks that they will be well represented when the new season comes along.

Club and Royal Navy both had disappointing records. The Sailors are still undecided about participation in the First Division next season but there is every reason to believe that a special effort will be made to restore the Club to its former high position in Colony football.

The season also had its disappointments and its bleak moments. Paramount in this respect was the unfortunate incident that resulted in one of the visiting Admira players being ordered off the field. This, the 'Battle of Caroline Hill' between South China and KMB, and the general paucity of refereeing are the things that we shall want to forget all about as soon as possible.

And now what about the future? As things stand at the moment there seems no suggestion that South China cannot continue their sway. They have the material resources, the playing strength, and they have the vital reserves. KMB have followed a policy of developing talent in their excellent junior sides and it will pay dividends soon but at the moment the senior side has too many players who are playing on reputation and little else.

Kitchee must feel some concern too as their players are growing old together and mass recruiting must soon be carried out, but where is the available talent to make that possible?

When the forthcoming Annual General Meeting of the FA is held I believe a strong effort will be made to get the full period of 90 minutes introduced for senior matches. This I think is something that can only bring lasting benefit to the game for there is every indication that the change from the abbreviated period impairs the players effort when they have to play the full time.

Well whatever else we may think about it must be admitted we've had an eventful season. It has often been controversial; sometimes really hectic, sometimes thrilling; there have been patches of the commonplace, touches of turmoil, and many moments of magnificence. Variable, yes. . . . Uneventful, never.

Writing about our football with its frills, frolics, and frequent furores has been a great privilege and I look forward to meeting you all again in this column when the new season comes along.

The Quietest Sporting Event Of The Year

Quietest sporting event of the year? No doubt about it. Wedding of Charlton Athletic's 24-year-old South African wing half John Hewie.

John was married at Sidcup (Kent) Register Office last week to petite Rae Greaves, 23, of Plumstead, South London.

John's South African colleague at Charlton, inside forward Eddie Firmani, gave the bride away, was best man, and represented his club.

Only others who attended were close relatives of the bride.

Said Charlton Secretary Jack Phillips: "All I knew about the wedding beforehand was what I had read in the newspapers. I understand John wanted to keep it a quiet affair."

The following day the couple were on their way to a honeymoon in Capetown on the Caernarvon Castle. They will spend a holiday with John's parents in Pretoria before returning to England in time for the August opening of the soccer season.

Hewie, who has played for Scotland 'B' is the fifth of Charlton's South African players to choose an English bride. The others were Dudley Forbes, Albert Uytenbogaardt, Syd O'Linn, and Eddie Firmani.

—London Express Service.

Table Tennis Primer

So you are a table tennis beginner. Maybe you're wondering why many of those returns miss the table.

You are not using spin.

You see a table tennis ball like a bullet is controlled with spin. It is made to bore through the air in a regular arc instead of wobbling.

By using top spin you can hit the ball with all your might and still keep it from flying beyond the table. Spin can make even a soft shot difficult to return.

You can learn all about how to get spin out of a table tennis ball in "Your Book of Table Tennis" by William P. Gottlieb (Faber & Faber, 5/0d).

From the block, to the smash and the chop, from the forehand drive to the correct way of serving, it is all described in "Know Your Table Tennis," illustrated by excellent action photographs, drawings and diagrams.

Gottlieb even tells you how to make your own table.

When you've learnt the basic fundamentals of table tennis and you're ready to join a club, this book has an added advantage. For it gives the addresses of all the Home Table Tennis Associations, and the International Federation, who will supply all the necessary information.

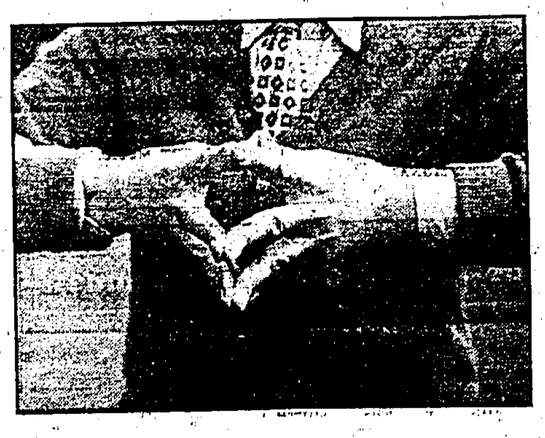
—London Express Service.



The Weetman grip.



Strengthen your hands this way. Press the fingers in and out without letting the palms meet. (See above and below).





The Weetman finish.

HOW TO PLAY BETTER GOLF

You Can Hit Longer Drives This Way

Says HARRY WEETMAN

Nothing is quite so satisfying in golf as an extra-long drive. Every player would like to be able regularly to hit those 20 or 30 yards further.

I have won a reputation as one of the longest hitters in the game so the methods I use may help you too.

But let me say straightaway that if if your handicap is over 12, leave your driver at home and drive with a brassie.

I have no hesitation in advising my pupils to use a brassie off the tee if their drive is letting them down.

It is a much easier club and the distance lost is negligible.

Strong physique has helped me a lot, but many players of slighter build can hit the ball a long way.

There is no easy way to length, but I advise you to concentrate on the following tips:

GRIP—A firm grip is the first essential. Hand exercises to strengthen my grip have helped me very much since I started.

I use a 14oz. driver with a deep face, but I do a lot of practice swinging with a heavy one of around 20ozs. This is a good exercise for hands.

For the grip itself I recommend the ordinary overlap except for those with very small hands who might be better off with all the fingers on the club.

STANCE—Use a slightly closed stance, with the right foot about three inches back from a line with the left.

I am a great believer in getting the right hip and side out of the way with this stance.

SWING—I advise a fairly long swing, with a full turn of the hips and shoulders.

"TIMING THE BALL"—This is an expression which most teachers use to imply arriving with the maximum speed at impact.

I like to feel that when I am timing well I am leaving the whipping-through of the club head to about two feet before impact.

In other words, I am leaving the hit as late as possible.

Don't be anxious to whip the club head through. Wait for it.

KEEP YOUR HEAD STILL—I am driving straight now, as well as far, and I put the improvement down to this old tip. There never was a better one.

HIT IT—Don't forget that the ball is there to be hit—and hit it hard.

—London Express Service.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who are World Soccer Champions?
2. Sporting anagrams. Who are these "mixed up" personalities? BEAB RSIZAHAA: OEJ IOLSU: SNEDI MOOTCNP: HRRAIC'D GNNEBRAM.
3. These two famous cricketers were known only by the initials of their christian names, W. G. and J.W.H.T. Who were they?
4. The two "Panchos" are among the world's best three in one sport. Which one, and what are their surnames?
5. With what sports are these famous families associated? The Lindrums, the Choongs.
6. Which recent Wimbledon Men's Singles Champion was a former ice-hockey international?
7. At what sport might you just miss an albatross and get an eagle? It's not gaming.
8. Who broke the World 400 Metres record at the recent Pan-American Games?
9. Tennis also figured in the Games. Who won the Men's Singles?
10. Jersey Joe Walcott fought eight World Heavyweight bouts either as defender or challenger. How many opponents did he meet, what were their names?

Answers See Page 17

Famous Welsh Rugby Star Retires After Winning 22 Caps

By PETER LOVEGROVE

Bleddyn Williams, a fine sportsman and one of the greatest of post-war Welsh rugby union centre three-quarters, has just announced his retirement from the game. He played his last first-class match for his club, Cardiff, against Llanelly at Cardiff Arms Park last month.

Bleddyn, a superb attacking player with a devastating side-step and bewildering change of pace, made a big reputation in International football and was considered by New Zealanders, Springboks and Australians as the outstanding centre they had played against in Britain.

A happy player who has enjoyed his rugby and communicated his enjoyment to the spectators on the terraces and in the stands, he is 32 years old and wants to make way for younger men.

He was "in" on all the great Welsh occasions since the war, but brilliant as his record has been for club and country, it would have been even more impressive but for frequent injuries.

He came to the forefront in 1943, when he was serving in the Royal Air Force, playing in the first Service Internationals and then in the Victory Internationals of 1945 and 1946. The following year, when full internationals were resumed, he won his first cap at stand-off half against England and then moved to his best position at right centre, when he played in the Cardiff, Welsh and Barbarian sides that beat the Third Australian Wallabies.

1947-48 was Cardiff's "Golden Year" and Bleddyn took a leading part in their phenomenal run of 39 victories in 41 matches. In 1948-49 he created a new club record with 41 tries — one more than the 40 in one season by Col. Tommy Pearson in 1892-93—and got two memorable tries for the Barbarians.

RESOUNDING SUCCESS

The following season he captained Cardiff but was injured at Christmas and was out of the game for most of the winter. This did not prevent him from being selected as vice-captain for the British Isles visit to Australia and New Zealand, where he had a resounding success, playing in five Tests and captaining the XV in three of these and scoring thirteen tries.

He was again in the wars in 1950-51 and only made one International appearance—when Wales stopped Ireland from winning the Triple Crown — and although he made only sporadic appearances in 1951-52 he was rated very highly by the Springboks against whom, he scored for both Cardiff and Wales.

Just when many people were inclined to write him off, he made a striking come-back in 1952-53. He captained Wales, scoring two amazing tries at Murrayfield, and was once again a Barbarian. Last season he captained Cardiff and Wales again and led both to victory against the Fourth New Zealand All Blacks. This season he made his last International appearance against England in January to bring his tally of caps to 22. Only sixteen Welshmen in the history of the game have done better than this.

Two leading Coventry players and former captains, Stan Adkins and H.F. Greasley, have also decided to retire. Adkins, a fine second-row forward, won 7 caps for England, while Greasley, a wing three-quarter who first played in first-class rugby at the age of 15, played in the Victory Internationals in 1945 and 1946.

SCOTTISH SPORTS REVIEW

Clyde To Play Newcastle At Wembley Next Season

By JAMES ANDERSON

Newcastle, English Cup-winners, will meet Scottish Cup-holders Clyde at the beginning of next season. The match will probably be played at Wembley under floodlights.

After his club's Cup Final victory, Newcastle Chairman Stan Seymour said, "We want to play Clyde and would like the match to take place at Wembley." And that suits Clyde. "We'll meet Newcastle anywhere," declares manager Pat Travers.

The match would fit in with the installation of a "super" floodlighting system in the Empire Stadium.

The game would draw £30,000—a figure that could only be reached at Wembley. Of that sum, it is suggested, the Stadium would take £20,000 to cover the cost of the floodlights and leave £10,000 to be divided between the clubs.

THOMSON TO DEFEND

Peter Thomson, of Australia, will defend his British Open Golf title at St Andrews in July. His entry was received last week. There is already a formidable overseas challenge for the championship. Entries received include the Robert Sweeny's, senior and junior, of America; Bobby Locke, of South Africa; Egypt's Hassan Hassanein and Hazman Ali; Aldo Casera of Italy and E. Bertolino and A. Soto of Argentina.

* * *

Scotland's international soccer bosses have taken to heart that 7-2 defeat by England last month.

Before meeting Hungary at Budapest on May 26 the Scots team will play two practice games against Austrian sides.

The team will stay for five days at Semmering, a spa in the Austrian mountains, before moving on to Hungary.

This will be a revenge match for Scotland. Last December the Hungarians gained a 4-2 win at Hampden Park.

SOUGHT BY ARSENAL

Unwanted by Third Lanark; now sought by Arsenal. That is the change in soccer fortunes the last two weeks have brought centre half Davie Simpson. Two weeks ago 23-year-old Davie was sacked—a free transfer in soccer parlance — by Third Lanark.

Now comes an offer from Arsenal who are prepared to put Davie on the £15-a-week maximum straightaway.

—London Express Service.

Drob Will Be At Wimbledon

Sportsmen don't come any tougher than Jaroslav Drobny, the 34-year-old Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Champion, who was born in Prague, has represented Egypt, and is now a naturalised Briton.

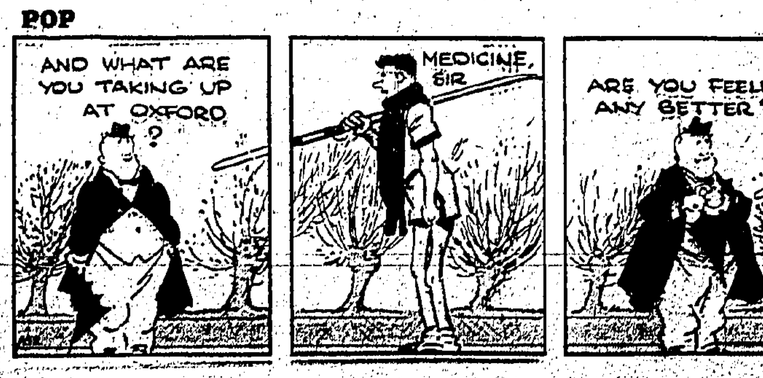
When Drobny succeeded on Wimbledon's centre court last year, scene of so many previous failures, he said he would be back to defend his title. And Drob does not forget a promise.

A leg injury kept him out of the British Hard Courts Championships at Bournemouth last month.

Now X-Ray examinations have revealed that Drobny has appendicitis. But is he to withdraw from Wimbledon? No Sir! Drobny will be there. Then win or lose, he will be off to hospital for that appendix operation.

—London Express Service.

POP



Having a stroke

CALEY make wonderful chocolates

SOUTH AFRICAN FIELDING IS GOOD BUT THEY NEED TIME TO SETTLE DOWN

Says Bruce Dooland

To live up to reputation is always difficult. I thought that when I heard the magnificent fielding of the touring South Africans boosted so highly on their arrival—for it sometimes isn't easy to field brilliantly on a cold, blustery day in May in England. My doubts were realised. When the curtain went up at Worcester, some of the critics were not unduly impressed. Too many catches were dropped.

So I plead this—give these South Africans a chance. Let them get acclimatised. Let them get the feel of the cooler atmosphere, the different light, the slower turf. Let them get geared to the new and difficult conditions in England.

I haven't yet played against them this season myself—I hope to do so this week-end—but every advice I have had from Australia, and from the players who have met Jack Cheetham and his men, indicates that they *are* an exceptional bunch of fielders, that they WILL show English crowds a standard of fielding better than anything seen in England in years.

This acclimatisation period is something needed by every touring side, wherever they are travelling. When the English team lands in Australia, for instance, it needs several weeks to get the "feel" of the brighter light and faster bounce of the ball from the harder turf.

They used to tell me that the ball actually travels faster through the clearer, brighter, air out there. So for the first few weeks they tend to play a little late or, when they go for a catch, they find the ball hitting their hands a fraction earlier than they expected it. They find the same sort of thing in South Africa and West Indies.

So when the Australians or South Africans come over England they meet the same problem in reverse. I'll wager the majority of faulty shots made in the first few weeks, in England—and the catches that are put down—are due to playing and reaching that fraction early.

LOCAL CONDITIONS

Every touring side needs a full month to get tuned into local conditions—probably more here in England, where pitch and weather conditions change so much from one match to another. After all, if you play one game at Bournemouth and the next at Bradford you could easily imagine you were in an entirely different country if the weather really plays up, as we know it can.

I am looking forward to meeting the tourists out in the middle, for it is always refreshing to play against a new company of cricketers. Many people, I gather, are particularly interested in our match with them, because they feel the South Africans can bat reasonably well against pace or medium pace, as they did in Australia, but they don't know how strong, or weak, they are against "curly" stuff like mine.

It should be interesting to find out, although I don't know what England will be able to do about it if they find the tourists are vulnerable to leg-spinners. For there seems to be a complete dearth of this type of bowling in County cricket today. In fact, I attribute my own large bag of wickets over the past two seasons to just that fact. English batsmen are just not getting enough experience against leg spin bowling.

Don't imagine I am complaining. It suits me down to the ground. It suits me, in fact, almost as well as the Bradford wicket evidently suited my countyman, George Tribe, last week - end. Imagine it — 13 Yorkshire wickets in one day! What a memorable bag for any bowler to claim. Yorkshire wickets, too, in Yorkshire.

One of the things the South Africans are going to miss are the fast fading sightscreens of England. They are disappearing from nearly every first-class ground. I tell you frankly that the new development suits me as a bowler handsomely. But I am equally sure it is making things harder for the batsmen, and is not very fair to them.

Consider Lord's and Trent Bridge. On both these famous grounds they have screens at one end and the members' pavilion at the other. So which end do you think I prefer to bowl? The pavilion end, of course. If my hand is a little bit "lost" against the dark background of a pavilion window, for instance, the batsman is less likely to be able to pick out which way I intend to spin the ball; my chances of beating him are therefore increased. So it's hardly surprising that I trundle away from the pavilion end whenever I can.

But is it fair on the batsman? I feel that he should always be given a fair chance to have a clear sight of the bowler's hand. On some grounds the sightscreens have been removed to make room for more spectators and so step up the gate. Perhaps that is a good idea in these hard times. But I cannot be sure. When batting, I myself know how difficult it is to see the ball when I have been batting against these backgrounds of dark windows and moving heads of members. Certainly the tourists will take time to get used to it—for sightscreens at both ends are always the rule in South African cricket and the absence of them was one of the first things they noticed at Worcester.

SMALLER CRICKET BALL

A great deal has been said about the experiments now going on with the new, smaller cricket ball. But I think it would be wrong to imagine that there is any likelihood of any immediate change in this important part of our equipment.

The MCC are very careful about this kind of thing. The idea was first put forward when it was felt that batsmen were getting too many runs, that it would do the game good to help the bowlers. So the slightly smaller ball was thought of and a few experimental balls were made and are now being tried out. It was felt that it might enable spin bowlers to spin the ball more easily and that the bigger seam would enable the faster men to keep it swinging longer.

And so it might. But the fact is the pendulum seems to have swung; it is now batsmen who don't seem to be able to get runs, while the bowlers are sitting on top. See how few runs recent England teams have been making.

That's why it would surprise me if any change were to come about, though I think the MCC are perfectly right to experiment. The more information they can put into their files of cricket knowledge, the better. Personally I don't like the smaller ball. It doesn't fit into the hand like the ordinary one and it feels too "hard" from the hand and off the bat.

I think the MCC are perfectly right, too, to conduct their "foot-drag" experiments at Lord's. But, again, don't expect sudden moves and amendments. These experiments, with different bowlers and umpires, will go on all through this season. The result will be a whole dossier of information for the MCC to sift. Then, if they feel that any change will effect an improvement, they will act.

COACHING HINT:

Again for bowlers. Forget the old teaching of finding a length first. If you want to bowl fast, bowl fast and get length later. If you want to spin, spin hard, make the ball do something—and get length later.

The Tour d'Autriche —Supreme Test In Amateur Cycle Racing

By RITCHIE McEWEN

An open invitation to Britain's long distance amateur racing cyclists to take part in this year's Tour d'Autriche, the toughest and most gruelling amateur cycle race in the world, has been extended by the sponsors, the Austrian Amateur Bicycle Sport Commission in Vienna.

"We have only had one single entry from your country since the race was inaugurated seven years ago in 1948", the secretary of the Commission told me. "Last year a keen young National Serviceman with the British Army in Austria took part — but was forced to give up after the first few miles. We would so much like to see your best amateur riders out here this summer."

The Tour d'Autriche takes place this year from June 25 to July 2, the last day for entry is May 28 and already more than 70 of Europe's best amateur cyclists from nine nations (Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Saarland, France, Belgium, Rumania, Hungary and Czechoslovakia) have entered for the epic race. It is estimated that there will probably be a final field of a hundred riders.

Each year the route is changed and this year the race is to be "only" 810 miles long, divided into daily sections of between 100 and 140 miles, with a day's rest after the fourth "leg".

SUPREME TEST

Though not the longest amateur bicycle race in Europe, the Tour d'Autriche is now regarded as the supreme test in amateur cycle racing because it calls for the greatest skill and endurance.

The course passes over three of Europe's highest Alpine ranges, and there is at least one major Alpine pass to be tackled every day, including the famous 8,500 feet Gross-Glockner, the highest mountain road pass in Europe.

In the seven races which have so far taken place, not more than half the field has completed the course, which starts and finishes in Vienna, and passes through each of the nine Austrian Provinces.

Four types of prizes are offered by the sponsors:

1. For individual riders: 20 prizes ranging from £42 for the winner to £7.
2. Eight prizes of from £7 to £2 for the leading cyclists of each day's completed section.
3. Prizes ranging from £9 to 30/- for the best six riders over each mountain pass.
4. Finally, special prizes are given to the riders of the three best teams—four riders to a team.

To qualify for nomination, entrants must be in possession of a UCI licence, and when applying to the Commission should enclose: The starting fee of 2s. 9d. written permission from the entrant's cycling club to take part in the race and a list of racing successes.

If your application is accepted, the Commission pays all your expenses during the race. And, in case you're still interested, the address is: Oesterreichische Radsport Kommission, Wien 1, Walfischgasse 12, Austria.

SPORTING SAM . . . . . By Reg. Wootton



Police Bowlers Face Their First Real Test This Afternoon

By "TOUCHER"

Police Recreation Club, who are making a strong bid for the Senior Division Lawn Bowls League title this season, face their first real test this afternoon when they clash with neighbouring Craigengower Cricket Club.

In their last two outings the lawmen showed that they mean real business this year, collecting no fewer than nine points from Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Indian Recreation Club "Gold" to take the lead in the League table.

With the League only in its third week it is still too early to forecast the likely winners, but the defeat of Recreio "Blues" last week by Kowloon Cricket Club has given not only the KCC bowlers themselves but also the top contenders an extremely good start.

FULLY CAPABLE

A decisive win by the Police this afternoon will place them high among the title-aspirants. Playing at top form as they are now, and with the advantage of a home green, they are fully capable of wresting the decision from their neighbours.

They seem to be a more workable combination than they were last year even though they had George Perkins, Charlie Gough and Jack Hayward among them then.

The Craigengower bowlers had much of their optimism shaved off last week when they ingloriously went down to IRC "Blues" by 4½ to ½ and will be labouring this afternoon under the psychological effects of that setback.

Both Joe Landolt and Alfred Coates have not been too happy with their frontmen despite the high individual reputation of some of them and this lack of confidence may again prove Craigengower's undoing.

The Police Club's hope of maintaining their lead in the League table will probably depend mainly on the form of the rinks skipped by Ken Bodie and H. B. Dewar.

Goodman's four are a temperamental lot: I remember describing Benny's rink as the weak link of the team in one match last leason and they came through with an overwhelming win the same afternoon!

On paper Craigengower should win by a 4-1 margin, but if the custodians of the law can reproduce the same form they did in the last two weeks, the decision may well be theirs by the same margin.

RACE FOR POINTS

The other three First Division matches will be a race for points among the champion Recreio "Blues", giant-killing Kowloon Cricket Club and Indian Recreation Club.

After their brilliant performance last week, the Cricket Club bowlers are expected to steamroll their way over the Filipino twelve, collecting five points in the process, unless Dick Basa's four decide otherwise.

Incidentally, Dick is the oldest bowler in active competition on the local greens. Only a few confidants know his actual age but from a reliable source I gather he must be about 77 today, having won the Craigengower cricket bowling and batting average prize as far back as 1894 when he was only 16. I am sure there are many bowlers today who hope that they can bowl as well as he when they come to that age.

Indian Recreation Club "Blues" are likely to meet with a little sterner opposition from the Recreio "Whites" in their quest for the maximum points and may drop one point in this match.

Still stronger opposition will be the lot of Recreio "Blues" who will cross over to the Bowling Green Club. Still an unpredictable team, the Bowling Club wood pushers can be a match for the best team in the Colony on their day and yet go down to the weakest team on an off day.

For them this will be their best chance to strike at the Champions who still have to find their true form. Both clubs are fielding almost exactly the same teams except that the Portuguese Club is slightly strengthened with the return of "Spotty" Pereira and Lionel Rodrigues to the line-up. A 4-1 if not a 5-0 win for Recreio is indicated here.

SECOND DIVISION

The Second Division games will be highlighted by the inter-dockyard clash between Taikoo Dock and Kowloon Dock. These are two of the strongest on view in this division and an excellent game should be the order of the day with the odds in favour of the mainland dockers.

In the other matches Kowloon Cricket Club are likely to take full points from Filipino Club, Craigengower Club the same number of points from USRC and HKCC four points from Police.

The Third Division, too, will have their own "match of the day" when Hongkong Electric Club entertain Police Recreation Club at Ming Yuen. The Police third string made an impressive start last week with a 5-0 win over USRC and their progress this afternoon will be with interest, especially by Kowloon Dockyard.

An interesting talking point this week which I feel should be brought out at this early stage of the League has to do with the varied duties of the different men in the rink. Loud-talking No. 1's and No. 2's can still be seen in a number of League matches and the sooner these players realise that "theirs is not to reason why, but bowl and give the lie", the better it will be for their rink.

The greatest controversy hinges on the duties of the No. 3. In local bowls it has been an accepted practice to allow the skip to do what he likes with his first wood and after that some No. 3's maintain that they have an undisputed right to "insist" on what shot is to be played by the skip with his next wood.

Both J. P. Monro in his booklet, "The Etuquette of Bowls" and R. Harrison in his book "How to be a Champion at Bowls" seem to agree on the point that the No. 3 has no right to tell the skip what to do. He may advise him if the head has been altered, but he must not control his play.

The etiquette in this case is for the No. 3 to remain silent until the skip asks for advice. This sounds a sensible course for the main reason that no other person can be fully aware of the type of shot that another person is capable of. A bowler is certainly not fit to skip a rink if he does not have the confidence of not only his No. 3 but also his other two frontmen.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

PRC v. CCC
KBGC v. Recreio "Blues"
KCC v. FC
Recreio "Whites" v. IRC
IRC "Gold" (Bye)

Second Division

FC v. KCC
CCC v. USRC
TC v. KDC
HKCC v. PRC

Third Division

KDC v. FC
USRC v. KBGV
HKFC v. POC
HKERC v. PRC

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Germany.
2. Babe Zaharias, Joe Louis, Denis Compton, Richard Bergmann.
3. W. G. Grace, J. W. H. T. Douglas.
4. Gonzalez and Segura, professional lawn tennis players.
5. Billiards and Badminton.
6. Reigning Champion, Jaroslav Drobny.
7. Golf. An albatross is three under par, an eagle two under.
8. Lou Jones, of America.
9. Art Larsen, also America.
10. Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles and Rocky Marciano.

A Victory Not To Be Forgotton In A Hurry

Johnny Read, unbeaten London middleweight boxer, will not forget in a hurry his fourteenth consecutive win.

Johnny, 1951 Far East Land Forces Light Heavyweight Champion—he served with the Royal West Kent Regiment in Malaya—was flat on his back when the referee awarded him the verdict over hard-hitting Billy Ellaway of Bootle in Liverpool this week.

Ellaway was disqualified for a low blow in the second of their scheduled eight-round bout.

In the four minutes the fight lasted, Ellaway, hooking and jabbing, had Read back-pedalling.

Ironically, it was the first time Read came forward that the vital blow landed.

—*London Express Service.*

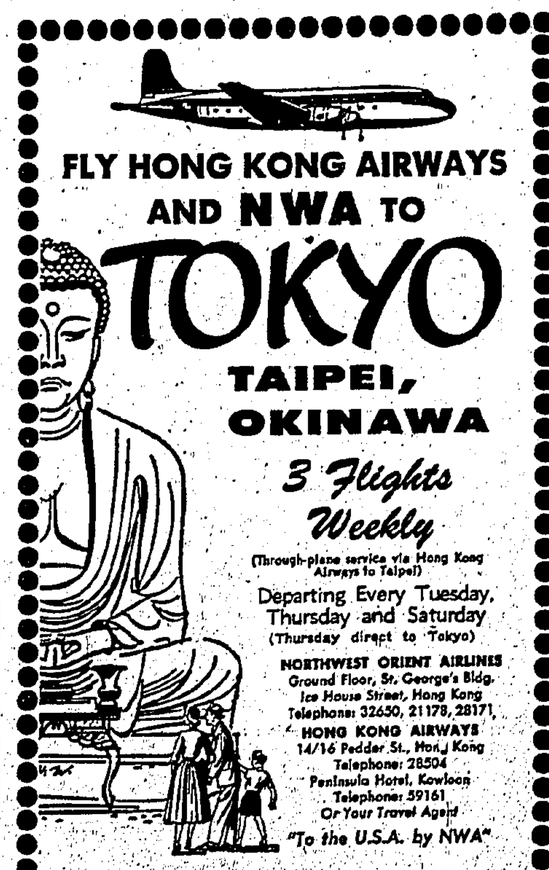


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CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD



THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



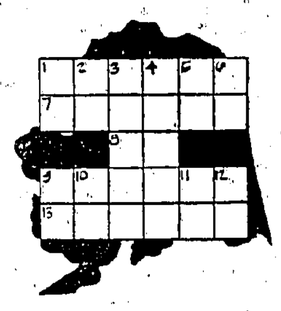


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Today's crossword puzzle is placed on a silhouette map of Alaska.



ACROSS

1 We're visiting—
7 Imitated
8 Pint (ab.)
9 Speaker
13 Gratify

DOWN

1 Kind of current
2 Behold!
3 Fruit
4 Alaskan city
5 Knight of the Elephant (ab.)
6 Paid notice in a newspaper
9 Township (ab.)
10 Boy's nickname
11 East side (ab.)
12 Musical note

DIAMOND

Alaska has mighty FORESTS and they provide a centre for today's diamond. The second word is "a cooking utensil"; third, "peels"; fifth, "petulant"; and sixth, "a pigpen." Can you finish the diamond from these clues?

F
O
R
FORESTS
S
T
S

ALASKAN REBUS

Use the words and pictures to full advantage to find the four facts about Alaska hidden in this rebus.



CITIES OF ALASKA

Three Alaskan cities are concealed in these strange lines. Just rearrange the letters to find them:

TAKE CHINK
JAY ACE ALIT CUP UNIT
BIAS FRANK

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Alas, the Puzzleman ran into trouble making up a sentence about Alaska and wants your help to straighten him out:

Folly" from Johnson's "Seward's purchased Andrew called was President term. was it during Alaska Russia when

(Solutions on Page 20)



BELIEVE IT OR NOT—

Ice-cream, Marmalade Grow On Trees!

By Eleanor M. Marshall

IF you have ever gone through the desert or visited a region whose climate is too cold to permit trees, you know how much you missed these stately friends to which we owe so much.

Maybe if you notice that there are none too many trees around you, you'll plant one. You may have to carry water to it during droughts, put up stakes to keep animals or people from damaging it, and you may even wrap it in bags of leaves or with burlap to protect it from cold. But if you succeed in making your tree live, you will have done a wonderful thing which you will never entirely forget. For that tree may be a graceful monument that may live for centuries, especially if it is a sequoia. One of these is the oldest living thing in the United States.

AFRICANS WORSHIP IT

Probably you can tell from the shape of the tree and the kind of leaf, just which one is a maple, an elm, a willow, a beech or an oak. But, do you know a sausage tree when—and if—you should see one?

This tree is worshiped by the natives of Nubia in South Africa.

The big fruits—they vary from one to two feet in length—resemble liverwort but you can't eat them. The tree grows to from 30 to 40 feet in height and has lots of spreading branches. The flowers are dark red, are about 4 inches long and come in groups of nearly a dozen.

If you tried to eat one of the tree "sausages," you would find it very tough, yet insects like them. The tree needs a warm climate the year around and it is a very extraordinary thing to see when some of the fruits—the largest may weigh 15 pounds—are swinging in the breeze.

Another strange tree you might prefer to the sausage tree is the ice-cream tree. This grows in Florida. It has flowers which are white and can be eaten. All you have to do to make them resemble ice cream is to put them in the refrigerator. That is where the name originated.

Still another tree valued for its fruit is the marmalade tree. It is a native of the West Indies and of such tropical American countries as Brazil, Colombia and Venezuela. The pulp of the fruit closely resembles marmalade; wouldn't it be a grand thing to have one in your garden? Then when you wanted marmalade on your bread, you could pick some fruit, mash it—and presto! —marmalade without cooking or canning.

The fruit of yet another tree —the macaw—gives an oil as thick as butter. This has a sweet taste and smells like violets. It, too, is a native of the West Indies where people rub the sweet-smelling stuff on aching joints to ease their pain. Some is exported to Great Britain where it is used to make soap.

WANT TO GROW SOAP?

Another West Indian tree, the sapindus, has fruit which has properties similar to the macaw, for it will make a lather if placed in water. The natives use this fruit instead of soap. Here is another astonishing thing about it—if the fruit is thrown into water where there are fish, the fish will become intoxicated.

In the sugar camps in New England and nearby states, in the late spring, the sap of the maple is collected, boiled down and eventually becomes maple sugar. Each tree will give anywhere from 15 to 30 gallons of sap every year. This will produce only from 2 to 4 pounds of sugar. That explains why maple sugar is not as plentiful as ordinary white sugar and is always more expensive.

There is another South American tree, the papaw, which you may like, especially if you don't like tough meat. The juice of the fruit, the sap of the tree, or even the odour coming from the leaves—all have this peculiar property: they make tough meat tender. Pieces of meat are left hanging among the branches so that the papaw will work on them.

Not many things are important enough to warrant celebrating them with a holiday, but, in America, trees are honoured —every year on Arbor Day. On this day trees are often planted by school children, by women's clubs, sportsmen's organisations, farmers and civic groups. Due to the activities carried on for just this one day, 600,000,000 trees had been planted by 1888 and were changing 100,000 acres of wasteland into valuable forests.



FIND EACH DOG A NEW MASTER!

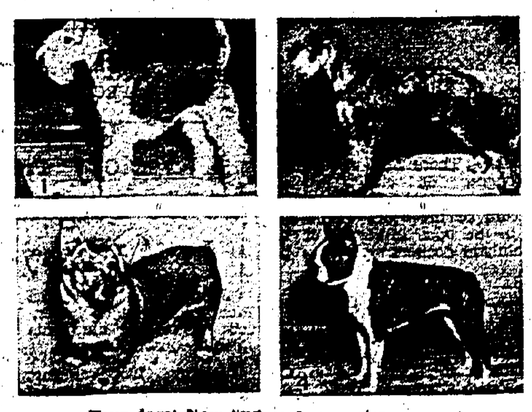
DO you know anything about dogs? Well, here is your chance to test your skill with the Detective Squad.

First, imagine that you own the four dogs (pictured right) and four men come to you, each wanting a dog.

One, a Welshman, says: "I want a dog to remind me of Wales."

The others, too, a German, an American, and an Englishman, each wants a dog that reminds him of his native land.

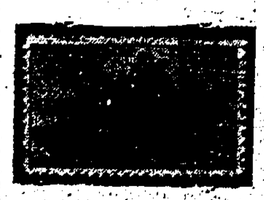
Which dog would you give each man? And don't look at the answers (on Page 20) until you have studied the picture.



Four dogs! Now find each a master . . .

Two Brave Americans Honoured

THIS stamp is issued to honour two brave Americans. They are Meriwether Lewis and William Clark—the first white men to cross their country westward to the Pacific by means of America's two great rivers, the Missouri and the Columbia.



Lewis was a soldier when President Jefferson appointed him his private secretary. The President was impressed by the young man's bravery against Spaniards and Indians and by his knowledge of the country.

During Lewis's two years at the White House the matter of exploring a land route to the Pacific was frequently discussed. Indeed President Jefferson had thought about it for 20 years.

In the winter of 1803-4 Lewis and Clark organised their expedition. Congress voted them 2,500 dollars and off they went up the Missouri with a French-Canadian and his Red Indian wife, Sacajawea, for guides.

In August 1805 the adventurers reached the limit of navigation on the Missouri and bought horses from the Indians to take them to the source of the Columbia River. Then they built canoes and sailed down to the Pacific.

Back in the White House they had been given up for lost. They arrived in St. Louis on September 23, 1806 and the whole nation rejoiced.

The stamp shows these two brave men with their guides and one of their boats. The printing is recess and the stamp is perforated 10½ by 11. It costs 5d in London.—J.A.A.

Visit To Monkey Island

—The Monkey Palace Was High in a Tree—

By MAX TRELL

EVERYONE was gathered around General Tin the Tin Soldier, who was telling about his explorations. For General Tin was a famous explorer and hunter. At any rate, that was what he always said.

Monkey Island

This morning, he was telling Knarf and Hanid and Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Mary-Jane the Rag Doll and Mr Punch and Judy about an island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean which he had discovered on his last trip around the world.

"It was a wonderful island," General Tin was saying. "No one lived on it but monkeys."

Everyone in the room wanted to know more about this wonderful land that was inhabited only by monkeys.

"They are very nice monkeys," continued General Tin. "When my helicopter landed on the island they all came around to welcome me. The boy monkeys wore red pants and little red caps with tassels, while the girl monkeys wore blue pleated skirts with white cotton blouses. They all shouted that the king and the queen wanted me to come to the palace for dinner."

"Did you go?" Hanid asked General Tin.

Quite Hungry

"Yes, indeed," nodded General Tin. "I wanted to meet the king and the queen of the monkeys, and besides—was quite hungry."

"Was it a nice palace?" asked Teddy the Stuffed Bear.

"It was a beautiful palace," said General Tin. "Only it was a little strange."

Everyone in the room wanted to know why the palace was strange.

"It was up in a tree," said General Tin. "The monkey boys and monkey girls helped me swing from branch to branch. It felt strange at first, sailing through all the leaves, but I soon got to like it. At last I reached the palace itself! The roof was made of leafy twigs and branches. There were windows all around, most of them oddly-shaped. The king and the queen of the monkeys both sat on a thick bough and greeted me. They held out their feet at me."

"Why did they do that, General Tin?" asked Mr Punch.

"Well," said Mr Punch, "in most countries, folks shake hands. On this island of the monkeys, the custom was to shake feet. I did so gladly. I always follow the custom of the country I happen to be in. Then I was served a very hearty meal of coconuts, acorns, chestnuts, peanuts, popcorn and bananas."

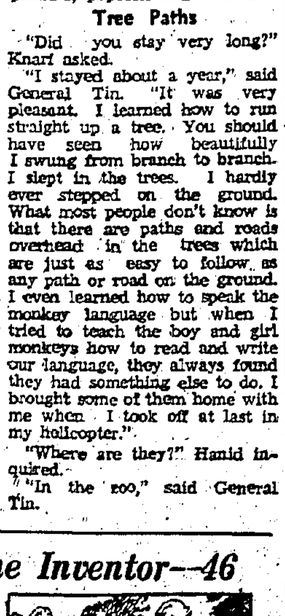
Tree Paths

"Did you stay very long?" Knarf asked.

"I stayed about a year," said General Tin. "It was very pleasant. I learned how to run straight up a tree. You should have seen how beautifully I swung from branch to branch. I slept in the trees. I hardly ever stepped on the ground. What most people don't know is that there are paths and roads overhead in the trees which are just as easy to follow as any path or road on the ground. I even learned how to speak the monkey language but when I tried to teach the boy and girl monkeys how to read and write our language, they always found they had something else to do. I brought some of them home with me when I took off at last in my hellcopter."

"Where are they?" Hanid inquired.

"In the zoo," said General Tin.



The only place where Knarf can see a monkey is in the zoo.

Rupert and the Inventor—46

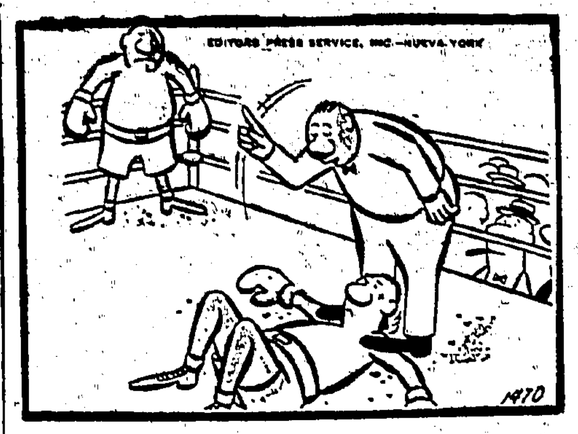


The Inventor stares speechlessly at Rupert. "What, you?" he gasps at last. "What are you doing here? How did you get out of my house? And I suppose it was you who fetched me here! You mischievous young rascal, I'll. . . ." "Oh please, here are your badges," Rupert interrupts. "Do take them. The lady pressed the square one by mistake and. . . ." "Never mind that," says the man, angrily interrupting. "I've more work for you, so just you put those badges on again and come with me!"

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ZOO'S WHO





"Somehow I get the feeling this referee is playing favourites!"

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 21

BORN today, you are the type of person who takes great pains to see that all those with whom you come in contact are happy, contented and learn how to get the best there is out of life. There are many of the elements of the reformer in your nature but you believe in practical works rather than in mere theories. If talking will help to interest others in a case, you will be willing to speak out. But when it comes to inconsequential conversation and "polite talk"—you are apt to remain silent.

It is likely that you will travel a great deal during your life in an attempt to further your ideas. You are able to analyse facts and evolve definite programmes of action. You will probably discover that your life runs in cycles of good and not-so-good fortune and you must learn to take full advantage of the upturn in the wheel of your life. You may find that the last week in March usually brings something especially fortunate. Look for a significant event to happen when you are 18, 26, and 33. Events occurring during these years will tend to shape your future destiny in some rather remarkable fashion.

You women are popular with members of the opposite sex and will have a number of opportunities to wed. You will make a fine wife and parent for you are very fond of children.

Among those who were born on this date are: Elizabeth Fry, prison reformer; Glenn Curtiss, aviation pioneer; Alla Nazimova, actress; Richard Bennett, actor; Roger Griswold, statesman; and Edmund J. James, educator.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 22

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—A fine day either indoors or out — whichever the weather dictates. Enjoy family pleasures.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—There can be a real change for the better in your affairs and this day can mark the beginning.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You can make this a fine day by your attitude toward life. Smile and be optimistic throughout.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There is an excellent combination of signs, strictly in your favour. Take advantage of them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Seeking spiritual advice in a matter which may be perplexing you could have fine results.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Attendance at the church of your persuasion might be a great spiritual inspiration to you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Friendly assistance can be helpful to more than one! Do a good deed for someone else and see.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This is one of those so-so days when you can rest and relax and all will proceed smoothly.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Give a serious thought to your future these days. Make your plans and then stick to them.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If at all possible, get out into the late spring countryside for some fresh air and sunshine.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—You can do almost anything that you want to do now. Make careful plans and follow them.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Perhaps a good sermon will serve as a real inspiration for you now. Might have a try!

BORN today, you have one of the best days of the incoming sign, Gemini, to call your own. Ruled by Mercury, the god of knowledge, there is a quality in your nature which can bespeak genius if you only learn how to develop the great gifts which have been given you. The arts, science and invention are probably the fields in which you are most interested, although almost any career can be tailored to fit your inclinations. You must be warned, however, against spreading your talents too thin.

At an early age, learn to concentrate on a single objective and when that is reached, you may select another. Keep all your other interests as hobbies and avocations or you will find that you are trying to juggle too many things at the same time.

Since you have a genial and happy nature, it is likely that you will make a host of friends during your lifetime. You will be popular with both sexes and although there is a certain rigidity of point of view—you are admired for your strength of character.

It is likely that you can become a great power for good. You will find June and January to be the months in which your ideas meet with the quickest and highest approval with others.

Among those born on this date are: Richard Wagner, composer; Alexander Pope, poet and critic; Sir Robert Baden-Powell, educator; Tenche Coxe, economist, Arthur Tappan, reformer; and Sir Laurence Olivier, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 23

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You can have a good day at the office if you will act conservatively and not try experiments.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If you are wise in all decisions that you make, the minor adverse tendencies cannot operate against you.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Tackle the new working week with vim and vigour. You will be surprised at how much you can accomplish.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There is nothing to prevent you from having success in whatever you attempt.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you are cautious in financial affairs, you will find that everything works out well.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are made a new business offer, investigate all angles with care before deciding.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Tackle important business matters at once and don't try to combine your job with pleasure.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Haste can cause a minor accident, but even this can be avoided if you are really careful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Day-dreaming is for days you don't have to work! Pay attention to your scheduled routine.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Unless you can be constructive when you criticise, it is better to remain silent. Don't just find fault.

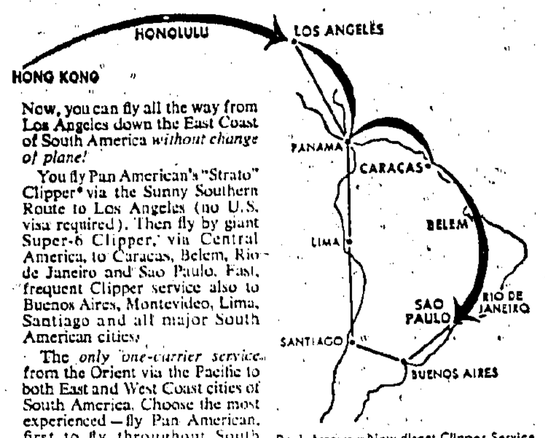
ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Since all is not gold that glitters brightly, be sure you are not fooled today.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Stay out of an argument, or you may find it turning into a first-rate quarrel you'll regret later on.

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Make Luck Your Bridge Partner

By OSWALD JACOBY

PART of the art of playing bridge successfully is to work with your luck instead of against it. Everybody has a mixture of good luck and bad, but the careless player wastes some of his good luck—as South did in the play of today's hand.

West took the top diamonds and then shifted to a low club. South won with the ace of clubs, entered dummy with a club, discarded a heart on the jack of diamonds and then discarded another heart on the queen of clubs.

By this time the eight of clubs had become established, much to South's surprise. If he led the eight of clubs from dummy and threw away the queen of hearts, East would surely ruff. The question was whether South would still have to lose a trump trick if he adopted this plan.

The problem was a rather knotty exercise in probability, and South may be excused for guessing wrong. He chose to finesse the queen of hearts. This lost to the king, and declarer eventually lost a trump, going down one trick.

	NORTH	17
	♠ 7 6 3	
	♥ 9 5 4	
	♦ J 9 5	
	♣ K Q 8 4	
WEST		EAST
♠ 5 2		♠ Q J 10
♥ K J 8		♥ 7 3 2
♦ A K 6 2		♦ 10 8 4 3
♣ 6 5 3 2		♣ J 10 9
	SOUTH (D)	
	♠ A K 9 8 4	
	♥ A Q 10 6	
	♦ Q 7	
	♣ A 7	

North-South vul.

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	1 N.T.	Pass
2 ♥	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♦ K

South would have made his contract if he had discarded the queen of hearts on the eight of clubs. East would have ruffed with the ten of spades, to be sure, but this trick would have cost him the trump trick he was bound to win in any case.

The true point of the hand is however, that South shouldn't have had any such knotty problems to solve. He should have drawn two rounds of trumps with the ace and king immediately after taking the ace of clubs. Only then was it correct to enter dummy with a club and take the discards.

If nothing very fortunate happened in clubs, South would be in position to try the heart finesse. When the eight of clubs became established, however, South could confidently lead it and throw the queen of hearts. The ruff would surely cost the defenders their trump trick, thanks to declarer's precaution of drawing two rounds of trumps before entering the dummy.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:

North	East	South	West
1 Club	Pass	1 Spade	Pass
2 N.T.	Pass	?	

You, South, hold:
♠ K 10 7 5 ♥ J 9 4 ♦ Q 7 6 ♣ A 4 2
What do you do?

A—Bid three no-trump. Even if North has his maximum value of 21 points, your 10 points will make the partnership total only 31 points. You need 33 points for a slam, so you are content to bid only a game.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You. South, hold:
♠ K 10 7 5 3 ♥ J 9 4 ♦ Q 7 6 ♣ 4 2.
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

ROMANCE takes a KNOCK-OUT

in the Barton Plan for Living

ANNE SHARPLEY wines and dines with the gourmet champion . . . the master of self-defence who intends to stay handsome at all costs

RON BARTON, the Apollo of the Boxing Ring, ran a stubby finger down the wine list, looked up with triumph in his blue eyes and said, "That one." It was a Nuit St Georges.

The Wine List has no terrors now for the boy from Plaistow. He is taking French lessons. And while he may be still a bit diffident about actually speaking any French ("Until I've had a few more lessons") he is not letting that get in the way of a choice of good wine.

For in the Barton Plan for Living (blueprint by his manager Arthur Boggis, ex-boxer, butcher and bon vivant) there are two resolutions:

1—To stay Good Looking.
2—To take up Good Living.

Instruction in the noble art of staying Good Looking has come from Boggis who realised the purposes of self-defence, he says, too late to save his own good looks, but is determined to save Barton's instead.

"Good boxers stay handsome," says Boggis and was accordingly very cross when Barton collected a black eye from Arthur Howard this January.

And Barton admits that it *has* something to do with his knock-'em-out-in-the-first-round technique.

"No slogging matches for me," he says.

So those women who take a non-boxing interest in Barton's already slightly flattened but decidedly handsome nose, need not fear that it will get flatter.

Items in the plan for Good Living are:

A large American car (the colour of an opponent's broken nose) with the word "Champion" scrawled in gilt across the dashboard.

Continental cooking. Barton has chosen the gourmet path to full heavyweightdom. (He is at present light-heavyweight.) Soho — and French, Italian, Greek cooking for him. And a dish of scampi a day. A dish has even been named after him. (Scampi Ron Barton—simmered in butter, scattered with parsley.)

Wine. "He drinks no beer or spirits—only wine," says his manager. Barton orders a sherry. Instead of insisting on a *dry* sherry as though it were an ascetic sacrifice—he's frank about it and orders a sweet. Mr Boggis beams.



The Wine List holds no terrors for the boy "from Plaistow.

Of course, both of them know that Barton's career is likely to be a little different than most boxers — because he's good looking.

Fan mail, demands for photographs ("Did you order that 1,000 prints I told you to?" asks Boggis) and personal demands for autographs are all trained for, even though Barton's fan posse may not have reached Johnny Ray standard yet. "When the time comes he'll be able to conduct himself properly," says Boggis.

Barton out of the ring, has a sort of withdrawn massive stillness. And he's learned a tip or two about answering questions from the oysters he's been eating.

But for those increasing numbers of women who may not know a feint from a bottle of smelling salts but who will suddenly start taking an interest in boxing here is my best lady-novelist's description of what you really want to to know about Barton.

(Particularly for the Lady who wrote to him "Since I saw you last on TV I haven't looked at my husband once.")

He's got the usual Irish curly hair but not as the sports writers have been telling you—jet black. It's dark brown and cut in the special Barton manner—no parting, cut close at the sides and a short mop on top.

The Barton smile, when it comes, is a dazzler. Shy, with a good show of teeth, and a hint of embarrassment in the blue eyes that he should be doing anything so unboxer-like as smiling. And, girls, his shoulders are *endless*.

HUSKY VOICE

Tease him about his good looks and he'll drop a pair of eyelashes that if they belonged to your best girl-friend you would *certainly* say were false—blush, and mutter, "D'you mind?" in a husky voice.

Ask him what he likes to do in the evenings and he'll say dancing. (He startled the Cafe Royal with a spot of real jiving recently).

Which brings us to the question that a thousand girls are dying to have answered. Does he like girls? You may have noticed that Women did not figure in the Barton Plan for Living.

The answer, when Arthur Boggis is not around, is "Yes."

"Arthur doesn't like girls," Ron explains.

For Mr Boggis is extremely careful about his Apollo.

There was a boxing contest in Paris, but he was not able to go too. So he sent *Mrs Boggis* as chaperon.

TARGET

N	T	D
E	E	E
X	I	P

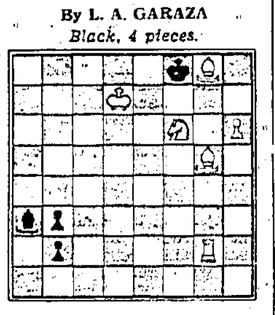
HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left? In making each word the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 18 words, good; 21 words, very good; 24 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Alien aline aloe alone ancle anil anile caleine calien cancel ceil chalice chancel chicle clan clean clench clinch clone coal coalie COCHINEAL cochlea coeliac coil colic conceal conical hail hale halo heal hole inhale lace, laconic laic lain lance lane leach lean lena lichen lien line lion loach loan loch loin lone nail nail oilcan.

CHESS PROBLEM

By L. A. GARAZA

Black, 4 pieces.



White, 6 pieces.

White to play: mate in two.

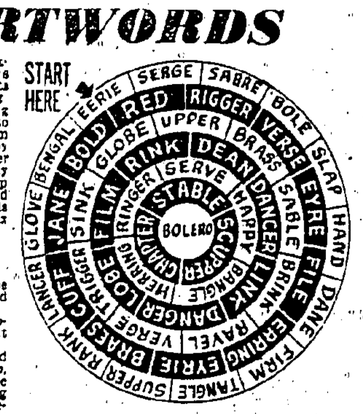
Solution to yesterday's problem:

1, Kt—B7; threat 2, Kt—Q6 (ch). 1 . . . K—Q2; 2, B—R4 (ch); 1 . . . K—Kt2; 2, Kt—Q8 (ch).

YOUR WEEK-END PUZZLE CORNER

DARTWORDS

FOR all you week-end puzzlers Dartwords presents a ghastly beginning and a musical ending today. You have to make your way from EERIE to BOLERO by rearranging the other 48 words in such a way that the relationship between any one word and that next to it is governed by one of six rules.



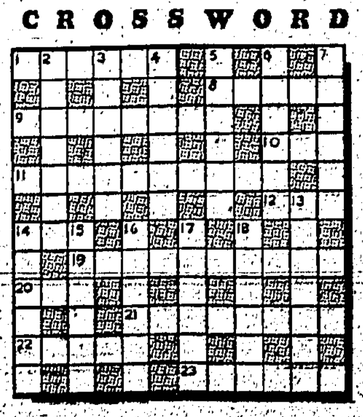
RULES

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that preceded it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding a letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.
5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.
6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: Year Leap Lean Lane Petticoat Slip Sip Sop Cerberus.

(Solution on Page 20)

CROSSWORD



Across

1. Motorist is well advised to carry a few. (6)
8. This crow frightens the others away—sometimes. (5)
9. They make their mark with a cross. (8)
10. Anything this may be noteworthy. (5)
11. Wiry little fellow. (3, 7)
12. Sailor on the road. (3)
14. Inquire. (3)
19. Spit and polish for this (10)
20. There's much of this in Shakespeare. (3)
21. Man in the water off Cowes! (8)
22. You may not find one for your dead-cert bet. (5)
23. Cease puzzling. (6)

Down

2. Material for schoolboy battles. (7)
3. Say your piece. (6)
4. Scrubs clean. (6)
5. End of the wassail! (6)
6. Gambol — not from Page Eight! (6)
7. It's linked with the engine, as often as not. (5)
13. Sit anon, and change around. (7)
14. Sad Pat adjusts himself. (6)
15. Kiss O.K.—that's another mix-up. (6)
16. Hope for a tower? (6)
17. Tightened or nested. (6)
18. Heron has been described as a gull on these. (6)

C	A	M	E	A	N	U	L	A						
A	N	I	L	A	O	P	A	E						
U	N	S	E	T	T	L	E	S						
L	O	N	E	L	I	N	E							
O	O	A	S	/	P	T	S							
R	E	M	I	T	N	T	A	S						
O	V	E	N	/	S	L	A	B						
N	A	N	O	S	T	S								
S	A	S	N	A	T	C	O	W						

Yesterday's solution

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"STAR ARCTURUS"	—.— Aug.	20	—.— Aug.	21

Loading for Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama.

"LAO"	Arr. June	8	Sails June	9
"STAR BETELGEUSE"	—.— June	24	—.— June	25
"STAR ARCTURUS"	—.— July	24	—.— July	25
"THAI"	—.— Aug.	1	—.— Aug.	2
"STAR ALCYONE"	—.— Aug.	28	—.— Aug.	29

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CHINA MAIL
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Page 20 SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1955.

SHEAFFER'S Skrip

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Visitors' Day

IT had been one of those days when London receives an invigorating shot-in-the-arm in the shape of an invasion of sportsmen from the North. From early morning, the northerners, an uninhibited crowd in carnival mood, had taken over the West End.

In the afternoon they mysteriously disappeared. Then they returned, one half of them eager to celebrate, the other to drown their woes and their memories of how their side had been robbed of victory.

At last, it was time for them to quit the capital, and they streamed towards their motor-coaches.

INFECTIOUS

THE coaches began to trundle towards the bottlenecks of the Great North Road. One had been going all of 10 minutes and had got as far as Clerkenwell before someone on board glanced at his watch and cried: "Hey, lads, they don't close until half-past 10 in London, we've just time for one for the road."

The coach pulled up at an inn, and the passengers stormed into a saloon bar. They took off their coats and mackintoshes, the better to get down to the business in hand, and so infectious were their good spirits, that in no time they had even the sober natives in as carefree a mood as themselves.

ALFRED'S STRANGE URGE

THE occasion was, indeed, too much altogether for one of the locals—a mild-looking, bespectacled man name Alfred.

Alfred, for reasons that seemed adequate at the time, but impossible to explain later, weaved across the crowded bar, took two raincoats belonging to the visitors, then made his way unsteadily from the inn to his lodgings thirty yards away.

Someone saw him go, and told the landlord. The landlord turned to another regular. "There's a chap says Alfred's gone off with two coats," he said. "Go and see what he's playing at, will you, Joe?" he said.

'THEY'RE MISSING'

JOE went off and presently returned with the coats and a sheepish Alfred. "He'd shoved them in Betty's room," Joe reported. Betty was a co-tenant in the house where Alfred lived, and a friend of his.

The coats were returned to their indignant owners. One of them went through the pockets; "Hey," he suddenly roared, "there was a pair of nylons in here, what I got for the missus. They've gone."

The police were called, a search was made of Betty's room. The stockings were found on the floor.

THREE ALREADY

AT the Clerkenwell court, Alfred pleaded guilty to stealing and Betty not guilty to receiving the coats and nylons. The story was outlined to Mr Frank Powell, the magistrate, who, when he had heard it, dismissed the charge against Betty. He turned his attention to Alfred. "Is anything known against him?" he asked.

"No, sir," a policeman said. "He's always been in regular work. His only explanation for this is that he had taken too much to drink."

"That's right, sir," Alfred said. "Very, very drunk, I must've been, else why should I take two raincoats, when I've three already?"

The magistrate nodded. "Well, you've not been in trouble before," he said. "I'm not going to punish you this time. I shall discharge you conditionally."

"Thank you, sir," said Alfred with a gulp, and he hurried away into the streets of Clerkenwell which, after the invasion, seemed as quiet as country lanes.

YUGOSLAVS TO STAND BY ALLIANCE

Reassurance For Western Allies

Belgrade, May 20.

The Balkan Alliance will not be affected in any way by the forthcoming Yugoslav-Soviet talks, an official spokesman, Mr Branko Draskovic, declared today.

In a prepared official statement replying to an obviously "planted" question by a Yugoslav reporter, Mr Draskovic said:

"As is generally known and has been frequently stressed in statements by the most authoritative personalities of the three countries, tripartite co-operation has thus far produced positive results.

CONTRIBUTION

"The Balkan Alliance visibly contributes to international rapprochement among the peoples of Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia, and to co-operation in all sectors of Allied relations.

The Alliance has developed into an important instrument for peace, both in this region and in the world in general. At the last meeting of its Council of Ministers in Ankara, in President Tito's report to the Yugoslav Parliament, and lately during the visit of the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr Adnan Menderes, it has been emphasised again that the three Allies are determined to strive in future too for a further broadening and deepening of tripartite co-operation.

"Therefore, there is no place for any kind of supposition that the Yugoslav-Soviet talks in Belgrade could possibly have any kind of negative effect at all on the attitude of Yugoslavia toward the Balkan Alliance."

At the conference, Mr Draskovic also:

1. Said that the Yugoslav-Soviet talks would cover "many open questions," including economic, communications, etc. and that "it is our concern that the foreign and domestic public should be kept informed in good time of everything considered necessary to release" during the conference. But he declined to disclose any concrete details of the date, place or technical preparations for the conference itself.

2. Announced that the official visit of the Premier of Burma, U Nu, would begin in the early part of June.

3. Said that the chief of the Greek General Staff will arrive this week for a visit, returning a recent call by the Yugoslav Chief of Staff in Greece.

4. Said that the recent raising of Yugoslav and Argentine diplomatic missions to the rank of Embassy was "an expression of friendly relations and of efforts to develop relations further on the same (friendly) basis."

Asked about Yugoslavia's earlier demands for Argentina to extradite a number of alleged war criminals from the wartime puppet Croatian state who have taken refuge there, headed by the Croatian chief, Ante Pavelic, Mr Draskovic said: "The situation is still just as it was then" and declined further comment.—United Press.

Ran Over Policeman: Death Sentence

Paris, May 20.

A young Frenchman, Armand Casanova,, was condemned to death today by a Paris court for running over and killing a policeman, who gave him a signal to stop.

The court decided that the killing was intentional. The incident took place on December 23 last near the church of St Germain Des Pres, on the left bank of Paris, when Casanova was being pursued for being in possession of a stolen truck.

The defence lawyer tried to prove that Casanova had no intention of knocking down the policeman and that he had insufficient time to apply the brakes when the victim stepped in front of the vehicle.

Casanova, after hearing the sentence, said: "I regret having caused his death involuntarily. And I do not say that because I am to die, for that is a matter of indifference to me."—France-Presse.

Mission Plane Forced Down

Darwin, May 20.

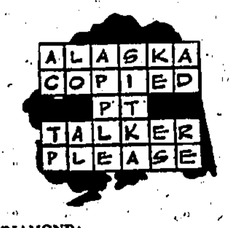
An aircraft carrying five persons on a monthly inspection tour of aboriginal missions made a forced landing today in a lonely area 200 miles south-south-west of Wyndham.

The pilot, Capt. Peter King, reported by radio that the group would be stranded until gasoline and tools to clear a take-off strip could be sent.

None of the occupants was hurt but emergency rations were requested. The passengers included Dr Edith Glessinger, a priest, a nun and an airport instructor.—United Press.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:



DIAMOND:

F
POT
PARIS
FORESTS
TESTY
STY
S

ALASKAN REBUS: Anchorage; Yukon River; Herring: Mount McKinley.

CITIES OF ALASKA: Ketchikan; Capital city Juneau; Fairbanks.

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE: Alaska was called "Seward's Folly" when it was purchased from Russia during President Andrew Johnson's term.

FIND EACH DOG A NEW MASTER: Did you give the dogs to the right men? If you did, then the Englishman got the dog in Picture 1—the Lakeland terrier. No. 2 dog went to the German. It is a miniature Schnauzer. Dog No. 3 should have gone to the Welshman. It is a Welsh Corgi. That leaves dog No. 4, and that, of course, went to the American. It is a Boston terrier.

—(London Express Service)

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

EERIE Eyrie Eyre Jane Dane Dean Chapter Verse Serve Serge Verge Brink Rink Rank File Film Firm Stable Sable Sabre Brass Brass Bold Bole Lobe Globe Glove Hand Upper Supper Scupper Sink Link Cuff Slap Happy Trigger Rigger Ringer Erring Herring Red Danger Dancer Lancer Bengal Bangle Tangle Ravel BOLERO.

TEST DRAWN

Bridgetown, Barbados, May 20.

Australia won the rubber in the Test series against West Indies by drawing the fourth match here today, having won two and drawn one of the earlier tests. Final scores were Australia 668 and 249. West Indies 510 and 234 for six.—Reuter.

Marciano Fight

BRITISH BOARD TO PROTEST

London, May 20.

The British Boxing Board of Control is to send a protest to the American Boxing authorities concerning the recent world heavyweight boxing title fight between American Rocky Marciano, and Britain's Don Cockell, it was announced here today.

Marciano, the title holder, defeated the British challenger by a technical knockout at Kezar Stadium, San Francisco on May 16.

On his return to Prestwick, Scotland, by air from San Francisco where he saw the fight, Mr Teddy Waltham, Secretary of the British Boxing Board of Control, stated: "We understand that this was the first time the referee had controlled an international fight.

TOO MUCH

"It was obviously too much for him. We were informed of the name of the referee only a few hours before the fight.

"This certainly established a case for the World Boxing Commissioners to draw up a set of international laws."

Mr Waltham added: "A meeting is likely this year between the American and British Commissioners.

London boxing promoter, Jack Solomons, who also returned from the San Francisco fight, curtly said on the possibility of a Marciano — Cockell return fight in London this September: "If the fight comes over here, they will have to abide by British rules."—France-Presse.

Party For Menon

London, May 20.

Mr Chou En-lai, Chinese Prime Minister, and General Chen Yi, a Deputy Premier, gave a farwell banquet in Peking this evening for Mr V. K. Krishna Menon, chief Indian delegate to the United Nations, the New China News Agency reported today.

Mr Krishna Menon has been in China for the last nine days for talks on the Formosa problem.

The Agency added that "the party proceeded in a friendly atmosphere.—Reuter.

LABOUR'S LAST RADIO APPEAL

London, May 20.

Mr Clement Attlee, the Labour Leader, in a nation-wide broadcast tonight made his Party's final radio appeal to the 35,000,000 electorate before the nation goes to the polls next Thursday to vote in a new 630-seat House of Commons.

Referring to the coming top-level talks with Russia, Mr Attlee stressed that Labour had been insistent for such meetings and said:

"We have no illusions as to the difficulties to be overcome in persuading others to accept the broad tolerance which peaceful co-existence entails.

VIGOUR TO TASK

"But Labour's past records show that we shall bring to the task vigour, strength and imagination."

Mr Attlee said the destructive power of the hydrogen bomb was so great that if atomic warfare should break out, neither side would be victorious. All would be involved in a common ruin.

"We must do our utmost to see that there are no more wars and that all states reduce their armaments. But there must be international control and inspection," he said.

Mr Attlee said Britain's economic prospects were "not too good just now" and he thought one of the causes of the election was "apprehension of what conditions may be like before the end of the year."—Reuter.

Clergy Revive Controversy

London, May 20.

Twelve leading churchmen, including five Bishops, today urged the Church of England not to accept wilful refusal to consummate marriage as a ground for annulment.

The proposal revived an old controversy among clergy because people obtaining decrees on this ground have been married in church without objection since 1937.

In a report on the Church of England's views on nullity, the churchmen said they favoured retaining wilful refusal to consummate only where it resulted from psychological incapacity.

They suggested that canon law should adopt their proposal to forbid marriage in church of any person who had obtained a nullity on the ground of wilful refusal.

But they felt that this need not be considered until a Royal Commission on divorce had reported its findings.—China Mail Special.

Russia To Return State Papers

Berlin, May 20.

The Soviet Government has decided to return to the East German Government historic documents from German archives hitherto kept in Soviet archives, the East German Government Press Office announced today.

The announcement said the documents were "of great state and political significance for studies of German history."—France-Presse.

Derby Callover

HUGH LUPUS FIRM THIRD FAVOURITE

London, May 20.

Derby Horses were backed to win a total of £100,000 at tonight's Victoria Club callover on next week's Epsom classic.

Hugh Lupus, who won the Irish 2,000 Guineas on Wednesday, was the heaviest backed horse. He was taken to win £16,000 and closed firm third favourite at 9-1. Hugh Lupus is to be ridden by Australian Rae Johnstone, who won the Derby on My Love (1948) and Galcador (1950).

There was strong support for another Irish trained colt, Daemon, who at 18-1 was backed to win £8,000.

The Aga Khan's French trained Hafiz II finished at 100-9 after being supported to win £8,500.

The best backed English horses were the 20-1 chance Tippicanoe (for £8,000) and Praetorian (£7,000) at 22-1.

CLOSING ODDS

Closing odds for next Wednesday's race over a mile and a half were:

100-30 Acropolis, 8-1 Our Babu, 9-1 Hugh Lupus, 10-1 True Cavalier, 100-9 Hafiz II, 18-1 Daemon, 20-1 Tippecanoe, 22-1 Phil Drake and Praetorian, 25-1 Sate Trumpeter and Point Gamma. 28-1 Datour, 33-1 Solarium, My Smokey and Windsor Sun, 40-1 National Anthem, 50-1 Bryn and Koohaburra, 66-1 Noble Chieftain, 100-1 and upwards others.

Next Callover will be held on Monday May 23. The time has been brought forward owing to an evening race meeting at London track, Alexandra Park.—Reuter.

US LEADING IN WALKER CUP

St Andrews, May 20.

The United States was leading the British Isles 4-0 in the four foursomes after the first day's play in their 15th Walker Cup match here today.

All matches were decided over 36 holes. The American players J. H. Ward and D. Cherry beat the British pair J. B. Carr and R. White one up; W. J. Patton and R. Yost defeated G. H. Micklem and J. K. Morgan, two and one; B. H. Cudd and J. Jackson defeated D. A. Blair and J. R. Cator, five and four, and J. Conrad and D. Morel defeated I. Caldwell and E. B. Illward three and two.—France-Presse.

Victory Eludes South Africans

Cambridge, May 20.

Victory eluded the South African cricketers today at Cambridge where the University, with only eight second innings wickets left, fought stubbornly between the showers to force a draw.

Final scores were:
South Africans 268, Cambridge 67 and 154 for eight.

Despite the rain the tourists had time enough—195 minutes—to dispose of the remaining wickets. But missed catches, a slow putty-like pitch and defensive batting deprived them of what would have been their first win of the tour.

The South African bowlers tried hard on a soft pitch from which the deliveries rose with reluctance or turned with frustrating slowness.

TAYFIELD SUCCESSFUL

Off-spinner Hugh Tayfield was again the most successful bowler taking four wickets for 51, which brought his tally to 27 out of the 60 wickets so far captured by the side in England.

Biggest obstacle to the South Africans was the University Captain, Denis Silk, whose dour knock of 54 occupied 190 minutes.—Reuter.

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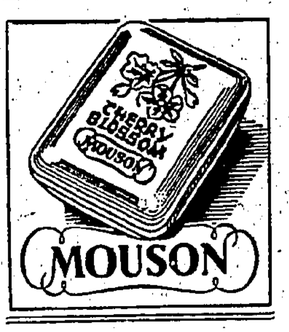
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